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**POEMS AND SONGS.**

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# Poems and Songs:

BY

**JAMES KENNEDY,**

11

SANQUHAR.

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THE SECOND EDITION,

Revised and Corrected, with numerous Additions.

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PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY N. M'L. BRUCE,

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TO  
**HENRY VEITCH, ESQ.**  
Of Elkoek,  
THE FOLLOWING PAGES  
ARE  
*RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,*  
BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED  
AND HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

---

IN an age when Poesy, like a mighty torrent, hath deluged the land,—when so many eminent authors have appeared upon the stage of the world, whose works will be revered, and memories cherished, by succeeding ages,—there are individuals who may be apt to say of Poesy, “ We have quite enough,—why impose one volume more upon the public ? ”—To which I would reply—Does not every one sing his own streams, woods, and plains ? Does not even locality give a kind of merit to those pieces, which would otherwise appear dull and tasteless ? Do not the inhabitants of those scenes induce the Bard to commit his productions to the perusal of a censorious public ?

It might have been deemed both superfluous and impertinent if the author of the following pages had been the first to take the field after the immortal

BURNS; but since so many of minor note have preceded him, why not commix in the hive? At an early period of his life, he often cast a side-long glance at those shy nymphs, the Muses; and perhaps the public may think they have been very sparing of their favours. Be that as it may, he sometimes composed a few stanzas for his own amusement, which only had publicity amongst a few associates, who either had, or seemed to have, a pleasure in them. The whole of his productions, most likely, had never gone farther, had it not been for the solicitation of a few gentlemen, friends, and acquaintances, by whose importunity he would now lay a few of those pieces, which were, originally, only the amusement of his leisure hours, before an indulgent public. Should they meet with a favourable reception from his numerous subscribers, (many of whom are persons of property, and advanced to eminent situations in life,) it would hush his fears, and be commensurate with the most sanguine expectations of a diffident author and humble Bard.

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# POEMS.



## AN ADDRESS

*To the Old Castle of Sanquhar.*

HAIL! hail! ye mouldering ruins grey,  
The iron teeth of time deforms  
Thy pristine glory, grand and gay,  
Still struggling with the winter storms.

Yet all these storms thou might'st have brav'd,  
A castle firm and fair to see,  
Had tyrant man thy roof but sav'd,  
Nor of thy honours rifled thee.

In better days, thy massive walls,  
To strength of hands, were forc'd to yield;  
Each lime-bound turret, crumbling, falls,  
In manure o'er the cultured field.

Thy gardens fair and alleys green,  
 And aqueducts, no trace have left;  
 Tradition points where they have been,  
 Of use and beauty all bereft.

When 'gainst the Scots, for Scotia's Crown,  
 King Edward warred in mortal strife,  
 The Douglas brave, of high renown,  
 There robb'd the Southrons of their life.

The war fields then ran red in blood,  
 When Scotia fought for liberty;  
 The spell word rung, afar and loud  
 Now, brethren, *death or victory*.

Thanks to the pow'rs, the glittering sword  
 Was wip'd from wars ensanguin'd stain—  
 That, unmolested, Sanquhar's lord  
 Within his castle might remain. ,

Tradition here presents a scene;  
 King James's coach appears in view,  
 Fleet rolling o'er the Castle green,  
 Attended with his retinue.

And as they pass'd the festoon'd gate,  
 Profusive cost and honour join;  
 The golden wheels were stain'd and wet,  
 The horses hoofs were bath'd in wine.



The feast, the ball, glad music's ring,  
 The joy suffus'd their faces o'er,  
 Beseem'd their host, beseem'd their King,  
 And fitted to the days of yore.

The line of Crichtons you may trace,  
 The Lords of Sanquhar, Barons bold;  
 And still as race succeeded race,  
 The Castle was their home and hold.

Tho' fate has pluck'd the lineal tree  
 From Nitha's flow'ry banks so fair,  
 It flourishes in high degree  
 At Dumfries-house, in shire of Ayr.

A comely sprig, the prodigy  
 Of Nature, o'er the world wide,  
 For classic lore and chivalry,  
 Old Scotland's boast, the CRICHTON'S pride.

In foreign lands, in pitch'd dispute,  
 In foreign tongues so prompt was he  
 Their literati to confute,  
 And bear the palm of victory.

His body active as his mind,  
 Where sports and pastimes, there was he;  
 Surpassing all of human kind,  
 For feats of great agility.

But as the cloudless winter sun  
 Soon sinks beneath the western shore;  
 His bright career was quickly run;  
 The curtain dropt to rise no more.

Oh! had he fallen in equal strife,  
 Less deeply Scotia had deplored,  
 But he who should have sav'd his life,  
 Unnoticed raised the trait'rous sword! \*

Again all hail ye ruins grey!  
 Ye gardens once so fair to see!  
 Now sadly fallen to decay,  
*Sic transit gloria mundi.*



### VERSES HASTILY COMPOSED

*At the Sanguhar Plowing Match, 10th March, 1819.*

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough,  
 And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales  
 Let Autumn spread her treasures to the sun. THOMSON

GLINTIN' sweet the morning smiled,  
 Seedtime it was drawing near,  
 Busy labour time beguiled,  
 Ploughmen for the match prepare.

---

\* See the Life of the Admirable Crichton.

Breakfast by, an' a' in fettle,  
 Ploughmen lads without delay,  
 To try their own and others mettle,  
 Hurry to the field away.

Wi' tentie care the riggs were meted,  
 Tickets for the lots were drawn ;  
 The willing steeds now fretting waited  
 Breast the yoke and down the lan'.

Look down, O Ceres, frae the lift, now  
 Fourteen ploughs the glebe upturn ;  
 To gain the prize the ploughman's drift, now  
 Thine to raise the bending corn.

Shining sleek, the new made furrow,  
 Cut by rule, and laid wi' care ;  
 Nae scene in country town or borough,  
 Can wi' this rural scene compare.

Mony a ane is here to see it,  
 Agricultural judges prime,  
 Ne'er a ane is mair delighted,  
 Than the author o' this rhyme.

Prizes now maun be awarded,  
 Some preferred afore the rest ;  
 Ilka ane should be rewarded,  
 Doubtless they hae done their best.

Fare ye weel, auld Scotia's stanners,  
 Ilka ane tak's his ain road ;  
 Your toast the tell-tale echo maunners,  
 A health to him wha turns the clod.\*

### Supplement.

Now the landlord and the tenant  
 Lagged little time behin',  
 Cording to a pre-engagement,  
 Met in Sanquhar's foremost Inn ;

Where a dinner het and reeking,  
 Crowns the daintith cover'd board ;  
 Invitation nane is seeking  
 To the cheer might please a lord.

When the table-cloth's removed,  
 Sparkling glasses ranged in rows,  
 Round the bowls by a' approved,  
 Whence the Kippen Toddy flows.

On Nitha's vale in town or village,  
 Never was there met before,  
 To inspect and mend her tillage,  
 Sic a blyth and merry core.

---

\* Alluding to a health often drunk in a tent adjacent to the-  
 match field,

Care is charmed as a spectre,  
 Toasts are drunk in bumpers fu',  
 Frae the king that sways the 'sceptre,  
 To the hind that hauds the plough.

Pleasure, like the shadow fleeting,  
 Shook her votaries frae her wing,  
 Wha proposed another meeting,  
 On the next ensuing spring.

Night had drawn her sable curtain,  
 Ploughmen lads wi' social glee,  
 To the change-house blythe resorting,  
 Quaff th' inspiring barley-bree.

As our heroes 'yond the ocean,  
 Fiercely fought in France and Spain;  
 Return'd—in fancy's warmest notion,  
 Often fight these fields again.

As the stag-pursuing sportsman  
 Overtakes the destin'd prey,  
 To hame, to wine, and mirth resorting,  
 Recounts the pleasures of the day.

So our lads recount the contest,  
 Nane I think had cause to gloom;  
 When the oustripped anes were blest,  
 Wi' thretty pence aneath their thum'.

But hark ! the clock proclaim'd it late,  
 They paid their shot, and bade gude'en ;  
 Rib-linket lads to their ain mate,  
 And some unto their bonnie Jean.



THE PROWESS OF CALEDONIA,  
*AN EPIC POEM.*

INSCRIBED TO THE SANQUHAR HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

Recited by one of the members of said Society, within the precincts of  
 the old Castle of that place at their Anniversary Meeting, 7th July, 1823.

ONE evening in the month of May,  
 To winding Nith I bent my way,  
 To taste the sweets of solitude,  
 By crystal fount and spreading wood.  
 My roving eye the scene survey'd  
 In nature's mantle rich array'd ;  
 My heart was touch'd so feelingly,  
 —So thrill'd the soul of minstrelsy—  
 Entranc'd in thought I gazed around,  
 When lo ! I heard sweet music's sound  
 Slow rising from an hazel grove,  
 'The haunts of sylvan nymphs and love.—  
 My listening ear my steps incli'd  
 The minstrel's leafy bower to find ;  
 Whose notes so well my heart could please,  
 Borne gently on the western breeze.—



Beneath an elm-tree aged, hoar,  
 With birken leaves half cover'd o'er,  
 Begrit with thorn and prickly brier,  
 By patient search I found the Lyre  
 To sylvan nymphs by bard bequeath'd,  
 With many a flow'ret wild enwreath'd,  
 With that fair tree whereon it hung,  
 And oft they had his requiem sung;  
 At evening calm or morning fine,  
 Their song seem'd bordering on divine.  
 At other times the strains they play'd  
 Resembled eastern serenade.—  
 This ancient relic, still so dear,  
 Was often strung in days of weir,  
 To sing the deeds of Sanquhar's Lord,  
 Whose minstrel knew each varying chord,  
 Evoking such enlivening sounds  
 As rous'd the warrior in his wounds;  
 And oft within the grand saloon,  
 The ladies would their voices tune,  
 Warbling each air the heart can move,  
 And melt the warrior's soul to love.—  
 The milk maid on the flowery plain,  
 Oft join'd the soft bewitching strain;  
 When fanning zephyrs gently blew,  
 The notes would die and wake anew—  
 While shepherds on the mountain green,  
 Filled up each dying pause between,

As o'er the flute their fingers stray'd,  
 The ewes have frisk'd, the lambkins play'd;  
 With hoarser note the lusty steer  
 Made up the concert in the rear.  
 When midnight winds thy numbers swell'd,  
 The Fairy tribes their gambols held.  
 In green-wood shaw 'neath Luna's light;  
 These blythesome genii pass'd the night;  
 So neat, so light, they trip'd it round,  
 They scarcely seemed to touch the ground.—  
 Soon as the morning grey appear'd,  
 The early lark in ether rear'd,  
 Gave nature's Author hymns of love,  
 To wake the songsters of the grove;  
 The blackbird and the shrilly thrush,  
 Now sweetly sang on many a bush;  
 And swift through air were flocking throng,  
 More tuneful tribes to join the song;  
 Some soft and sweet, some bold and sharp,  
 Kept concert with this ancient harp.  
 Thou lonely dweller of the brake,  
 Assist my strain, awake, awake!

---

When brave Caledonia from old ocean rear'd  
 Her wild land of freedom, no tyrant she fear'd;  
 Near foaming cascades, and loud sounding fountains,  
 Mid grim tow'ring piles and wood fringed mountains.



Some earthquake primeval had poised a rock,  
 With its rude dais of granite, and umbrage of oak ;  
 A seat so fantastic she chose for her throne,  
 She ruled there undaunted and reigned alone.  
 Old Odin, her grandsire, as test of his care,  
 Sent down from his Hall the bright gleaming Claymore ;  
 Which erst shone afar o'er our northern realm,  
 Aurora Borealis, or streamer of flame.—  
 Our ancient forefathers, so famed for their glore,  
 First fought with that brand 'gainst despoilers of yore ;  
 A broad bossy shield and charter he drew,  
 And Liberty's halo around them he threw ;  
 That shield was their bulwark when fiercely in war  
 They drove the oppressors from Albyn afar ;  
 Their charter established their rights and their power  
 From Tweed's fertile vale to St. Kilda's lone shore ;  
 The Thistle gigantic to them he bequeathed,  
 And on their broad banner the symbol he wreathed ;  
 Long quiet they lived by the fleece and the soil,  
 Yet strangers to rapine and war's weary toil ;  
 In the chace they delighted, and oft would pursue  
 O'er mountain and valley the fleet bounding roe.  
 A host of invaders from Adria's strand,  
 Amongst other conquests had seiz'd on our land ;  
 Their standard they reared on each blue misty hill,  
 Where a thousand pure fountains their waters distil ;  
 But the claymore, and buckler, and long spear of flame,  
 Soon taught those oppressors their wild rage to tame :  
 A broad grave they gave them, all gory their shroud,  
 And tyranny's front to fair liberty bow'd.—

When the hero of Morven, the famous Fingal,  
 Took the mail of his fathers from Selma's bright hall,  
 And led his brave legions to death or to fame,  
 The bold usurpation of Cairbhar to tame ;  
 He couched his spear, struck the boss of his shield,  
 And beckoned his warriors forth to the field ;  
 For liberty's cause they relinquished their home,  
 To Erin's green isle o'er the white briny foam ;  
 They met and encounter'd, and conquer'd the foe,  
 For the dread sword of Fingal gave no second blow :  
 The king of old Erin he legally crown'd,  
 And the hero of heroes returned renown'd.  
 While Morven's fair dames strewed flowers on the sward,  
 In concert they sung to the notes of the bard ;  
 Their song so triumphant all sorrow beguil'd,  
 And deep-toned music rung far o'er the wild,  
 Through a long flight of ages a courage inspires  
 The bosom of sons from such dignified sires,  
 To death or to glory how fearless they go,  
 Who never had fled from the face of a foe.  
 At the red heath of Largs, and Luncartie's lea,  
 Showed courage undaunted and high chivalry ;  
 The Cumbrians, Norwegians, and proud haughty Danes,  
 Were hewed by their swords on the red battle plains.  
 When England's proud sons thought to vanquish our land,  
 Brave Wallace for freedom and Scotland did stand,  
 Our country's defender, our pride and our boast,  
 Who sav'd her from ruin when all had been lost ;  
 A leader so valiant, so famed, and renown'd,  
 Oft return'd from the war-field with victory crown'd.

O curs'd be the traitor that palsied the hand,  
 That scattered such blessings o'er Scotia's loved land.  
 To Bruce, his companion in arms, let us turn,  
 And glance at the actions of dread Bannockburn;  
 Though fair rose the morning on streamlet and plain,  
 Ere night they were dyed with the blood of the slain.  
 The king on a palfrey was cheering his men,  
 When basely assail'd by Sir Henry de Bohun;  
 He eluded the spear, with his axe gave a stroke,  
 Like the thunder of Heaven which rendeth the oak,  
 When prone on his shoulders his head lay in twain,  
 He fell from his war-horse the first of the slain.  
 O'erlooking the valley, at distance not far,  
 Gleam'd Anglian host in their trappings of war,  
 Who view'd from their station and view'd with disdain  
 The little Scots army arrayed on the plain;  
 St. Ninian's Abbot his blessing had given;  
 Their mound of defence was the bulwark of Heaven.  
 The soul-rousing pibroch in war's maddening tone,  
 Bade the heroes their war-files to battle lead on.  
 They met like two oceans, but who can pourtray  
 The clashing of arms in the dreadful affray;  
 The despotic army, so vaunting before,  
 Lay strewed on the war-field, and shrouded in gore;  
 But few left survivors but few to return,  
 Whose tale caus'd the widow and orphan to mourn.  
 Evan Baston, their minstrel, sang England's downfall,  
 His life to procure and relieve him from thrall;

While brave Bruce's banner victoriously waved,  
 From bondage his country in battle had saved.  
 These grey mouldering ruins of time fretted stone,  
 Recal to our memory the days that are gone,  
 When Douglas the valiant, as authors record,  
 Put his despotic foes to the point of the sword.  
 Though swift rolling ages may here intervene,  
 Their lapse now presenteth a more pleasant scene,  
 When strife so destructive was brought to a close,  
 And Scotia's famed Thistle joined England's fair Rose;  
 The Shamrock of Erin, by war, look'd aghast,  
 And wreathed with the Rose and the Thistle at last.  
 The sons of these kingdoms their valour retain,  
 As witness the war-fields of France and of Spain.  
 Permit me to mention, for brevity, two,  
 The blood-crimson'd Egypt and famed Waterloo,  
 When the meek-eyed maid with brows olive bound,  
 Shed the halo of Peace o'er the nations around.  
 May the banner of Freedom triumphantly wave,  
 And our sons yet unborn be the sons of the brave.  
 The Thistle of Scotia, the Shamrock, and Rose,  
 Be the boast of their friends and the dread of their foes.

---

Ere from my station I retire,  
 Foregoing Caledonia's lyre,  
 My country's boast, my country's pride,  
 By me but vain and feebly tried;  
 Hope, sanguine hope, doth joy impart,  
 And cheers my else desponding heart.

Perhaps some bard in future days,  
 May better tune thy wonted lays;  
 A strain to every Briton dear,  
 To every Scot and Scottish ear;  
 But soon by me thou must be borne  
 And hung upon yon aged thorn,  
 And Eolus' breath thy numbers swell,  
 Dear to my heart, farewell, farewell!



# AN EPISTLE TO MR. M'——,

Relating a Curling Match betwixt the parish of Crawfordjohn and the  
 parish of Sanquhar.



Dear friend, a wee bit tale I'll gi' ye,  
 In hame-spun verse or poetry,  
 But that it's dull and scant o' glee  
     I'm really fear't,  
 However, ye the judge shall be  
     When ance ye hear't.

Folk lo'e the place from whence they sprang,  
 And a' their friends they've liv'd amang,  
 And wish nae body them to wrang,  
     Or do them harm;  
 So Sanquhar ye will lo'e as lang  
     As ye are warm.

And now my Cronie, to reveal't,  
 Bleak Boreas had the *Ward*\* congeal'd,  
 And on the glitt'ring icy field,  
     As you may think,  
 Our Curlers keen their bodies wield  
     For pies and drink.

John Crawford to regain his glore,  
 That he had lost in days o' yore,  
 Us summon'd wi' a double score  
     O' men weel picket,  
 To field o' weir, and solemn swore  
     We should be licket.

Tho' bauld the brag and bauld the threat,  
 We neither trembled nor look'd blate,  
 But trusted still that smiling fate  
     Would lead us on  
 To vict'ry, as of ancient date,  
     'Gainst Crawfordjohn.

A council's called speedily,  
 In which our Curlers a' agree  
 To fight it out right manfully  
     While they were livin',  
 Aiblens John might fa, or flee  
     For a' his deavin'.

---

\* A loch in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar.



Th' accepted challenge to convey  
 An answer's fram'd without delay,  
 And by the bearer sent away  
     That vera e'en ;  
 While every bosom for the fray  
     Was beating keen.

John kept the tryst ye needna fear,  
 A Parson, front, and Elder, rear,  
 Their uniform like men o' weir,  
     Was rigg and fur  
 White stockings, and their living gear  
     A dawtit cur.

A gillock scarce their heart had warm'd  
 Till a' our lads were fully arm'd,  
 Then to the Loch, and Ward, they swarm'd  
     To try their maught,  
 Frae far and near folk came alarm'd,  
     To see the faught.

Had that auld singer 'mang the Greeks,  
 But heard their Crawford moorland speaks,  
 Their outer, and their inner wicks.\*  
     And witter shot,†  
 He'd kittle been to p— his breeks  
     Upon the spot.

---

\* The out-ring and in-ring of a stone.

† When the stone rests on the tee.

O musie be na shy nor thrawn,  
 To sing how Johnny Crawford's fa'n  
 Upo' the field, and a' his blawin'  
     Is fairly settled;  
 'Gainst Sanquhar he could never stan'  
     Tho' weel he ettled.

No truly generous mind you know  
 Exulteth o'er a fallen foe,  
 Tho' foolish pride hath laid him low;  
     Yet all agree,  
 Others may learn by his o'erthrow,  
     Humility.

Auld Sanquhar, lang and lang hast thou  
 Wore twisted round thy bonny brow  
 The laurel'd wreath so fair to view,  
     The victor's pride;  
 Nae rival curler could it pu',  
     Tho' often try'd.

Lang has the frozen north confess'd  
 The Sanquhar curlers for the best;  
 And mony ane they've soundly dress'd  
     And fairly dung,  
 As Wilson, that fine poet, has't  
     Sae fitly snug.\*

---

\* Alluding to a poetical description of a former curling match betwixt the same parties, in which Sanquhar was victorious.



While circling seasons onward roll,  
 And boisterous billows barks control;  
 While loadstone points unto the pole  
                     Or norland star,  
 May Sanquhar's sons attain the goal  
                     At icy war.



MISS C———'s LAMENT

On her Lover's going to America

Ye female lovers far and near  
 Let fa' the sympathetic tear,  
 The sprightly lad to me sae dear  
                     Has ta'en his flight;  
 And left me for to tarry here  
                     A weary wight.

Oh, Robin! shall I ne'er again  
 Behold thee on thy native plain,  
 What is't has ta'en him o'er the main?  
                     Ye Fates unfold!  
 Is it for lo'e o' warld's gain?  
                     Oh, cursed gold!

For thee the dowie lovers mourn,  
 And pass their days in bitter scorn;

Their vera sauls wi' sorrows torn,  
                                           Aft ne'er redress'd,  
 Till in that lanely house forlorn  
                                           They sink to rest.

Yet, Robin, lad, I hope that ye  
 Will mind your vow o' constancy,  
 Tho' now far aff, mair dear to me  
                                           Than when sae nigh,  
 The bye word hauds, the well I see's  
                                           No miss'd till dry.

Aft 'neath the pale-fac'd moon I rove  
 To seek our wonted haunts of love;  
 In hazel shaw or shady grove  
                                           These haunts I trace;  
 And list, the plaintive cushat dove  
                                           Bewails my case.

And aften, too, I take a turn  
 Alang the margin o' the burn,  
 My absent lover there to mourn,  
                                           And vent my sighs;  
 "Tho' left alane, I'm not forlorn,"  
                                           The wood replies.

And in my dream disturbed brain  
 I see him far beyond the main,

Pursuing trade for sake o' gain;  
                                   'Mang ladies fair,  
 But what heart's truer than my ain,  
                                   O where, O where!

In lo'e, O Robin! dinna fa',  
 Wi' giglets in America,  
 What tho' we're parted now atwa  
                                   A wallie space;  
 I hope we'll meet by hymen's law  
                                   And live in peace.

When last I saw him at the meetin',  
 With much ado I held frae greetin',  
 My love burnt heartie in its beatin'  
                                   Gied mony a sten,  
 The sermon might be Greek, or Latin,  
                                   For ought I ken.

I oftentimes did Robin dad,  
 And in my daffin sair misca'd,  
 When he proposed me to wed,  
                                   I leugh and gecket,  
 But gin I now the proffer had,  
                                   I'd mair respect it.

But whether it was that or no,  
 Or fate decreed it should be so,

That he to foreign climes should go,  
                                   I dinna ken,  
 But weel I wat in grief and woe  
                                   I'm left alane.

And now upon my knees I'll bend,  
 My fervent deepest groanings send  
 In prayer to HIM who first did lend  
                                   Him life and breath,  
 To be his counsellor, and defend  
                                   My lad frae skaith.

Ye Powers! who rule earth, sea, and air,  
 Oh, hear a lover's cry and prayer,  
 And make him your peculiar care  
                                   By land or sea;  
 With fanning gales, O waft him where  
                                   He fain would be.

And gie him plainly for to see  
 Of world's wealth the vanity,  
 And grant he soon return to me,  
                                   The wale o' men;  
 Us baith wi' you I trust and lea',  
                                   Amen, amen.

## AN EPISTLE

To Mr R. P——, Dumfries, 4th June, 1819.

---

R——t P—l, R——t P—l, what's the matter at all,  
 Ye're sae langsome in writing your friend ;  
 When but some years back, we twa were sae pack,  
 That wi' life I thought only could end.

Has your rib, has your rib, by affinity sib,  
 Sae relaxed your friendship for me ;  
 Or some lawyer tulzie, to share o' the spulzie,  
 Dung a' your fine feelings ajee.

Never fear, never fear, through the world we'll steer,  
 Though Dame Fortune of favours be shy ;  
 Life's but a short lease, who may end it in peace,  
 With the calmest contentment can die.

Cæca blind, Cæca blind, has been often unkind  
 To the chiel her best favours deserves,  
 Yet heaps on the head of those without need,  
 While the poet, poor poet, half starves.

Tho' I strive, tho' I strive, to commix with the hive  
 Of bards—yet how feeble the claim ;  
 Since lack o' the clink, you justly may think,  
 Yields nae plea for enrolling my name.

Robert Burns, Robert Burns, whom Scotia yet mourns  
 As her favourite and poet sae prime;  
 Tho' no prophet am I, yet his fame can descry,  
 Reaching down to the fag-end o' time.

O Allan, O Allan, thou sweet singin' callan,  
 In thy pastoral complete thou dost shine;  
 Scotia's Virgil art thou, and surrounding thy brow,  
 The laurels, green laurels, entwine.

Fergusson, Fergusson, tho' now cauld as a stone,  
 Thy works will thy memory down trace;  
 Yet those please me best, in braid Scots that are dress'd,  
 And I'll style thee our British Horace.

Walter Scott, Walter Scott, thou bard of great note,  
 Thy Dame of the Lake, O how grand!  
 For legends and lore, of the deeds done in yore,  
 Thou foremost, ay foremost wilt stand.

There's some yet, there's some yet, but their names I forget,  
 Yes there's ane they do ca' Jamie Hogg;  
 O could I, like him Parnassus but clim',  
 I might leave this fair scene not incog.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, for my rhyme is but stale,  
 And my muse is but dull at the best;  
 O write me, dear P—I, for there's naething at all,  
 Can sae please ane, your friend that doth rest.—

JAMES KENNEDY.

## VULCAN'S AMOROUS ADVENTURE.

When Vulcan grown weary with thumping the gads,  
 Besides orra jobbing, and shoeing the yads;  
 He doffed his shoes—to the road he repairs—  
 His heart danced light, and as light hang his cares.  
 On the heels o' the day, trode the calm e'ening dew,  
 And young dusky brows had an object in view,  
 Who wend up the glen, yont yon hill o' green heather,  
 And he, with his charmer, was fain to foregather.  
 His horn-waukit neive, held a guid hazel kent,  
 Which he swung as he skipt o'er the heather and bent;  
 Tho' his coat was thread-bare, it makes little matter,  
 Her father and mother would like him the better.  
 Ere long, he arriv'd at the lirk o' the hill,  
 Where trotted a burn might hae cawed a mill;  
 On the bank of the burn a cottage arose,  
 Where bloom'd his dear lass, like a May morning rose.  
 His manners as plain as the hat on his brow,  
 So straight he steps in with a—"How do ye do?"  
 The guidwife replied "I'm happy to tell  
 We are a' in good health—how gaest wi' yoursel'?"  
 A weel bained kebbuck, and routh o' guid cakes,  
 A fine yellow pund, and weel dress'd as the wax,  
 With new milk from the cow, to sin them a' down,  
 And a glass o' guid whisky, the meltith to crown.  
 The compliments over, the news being tauld,  
 The auld fouk grown weary their limbs now enfauld



In blankets, the finest frae sheep on the el l  
 And the lovers, weel pleased, were left to themself.  
 Says Janet to Robin, my heart would be glad  
 If young Burnewin our bairnie should wed;  
 His air, gait, and claithing, sae bring to my min'  
 The days that are past—the sweet days o' langsyne.  
 Says Robin to Janet, the lad's a guid trade,  
 And if he should proffer our daughter to wed,  
 We'll gi'e them our blessing, and what we can spare,  
 By way of a tocher, in goods and in gear.  
 Before their surmises were come to a close,  
 The doubtful night fled as the morning arose;  
 Morpheus, in kindness, extended his sway  
 To fit them anew for the toils of the day.



### LINES

On the marriage of ———, 25th January, 1820.

Dear is the bowl, and the jovial companion,  
 And dear to the exile his own native shore;  
 Far dearer the lassie, in wedlock's soft union,  
 Fast twisted by love round the warm bosom's core.

No friend clings so close as the wife of the bosom,  
 Compar'd with her friendship—all friendship's a name!  
 At fortune's gay smile, they'll endeavour to cozen;  
 Tho' fortune should frown, she is ever the same.

May every refinement that love can inspire,  
 Still sweeten your lot with the fair of your choice;  
 And when from the mazes of life you retire,  
 Your spirit, new fledg'd, soar aloft, and rejoice.



ON THE STANDARD BEARER OF A SCOT-  
 TISH HIGHLAND REGIMENT,  
 WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

*Founded on a paragraph in the Dumfries & Galloway Courier.*



Bonny, with his long wing'd eagle,  
 On the plain of Waterloo,  
 Britain thought for to inveigle,  
 Her and a' her powers subdue.

'Mang the rest a Scottish Regiment  
 Bauldly fought, but maistly fell;  
 Unequal was the hot engagement;  
 Few were left the tale to tell.

Is their valiant Ensign wheeling?  
 No—to part wi' honour laith,  
 Though dark night be o'er him stealing,  
 Grasps the standard firm in death.

A fellow soldier, bent on glory,  
 Nor at danger stood aghast,  
 To rear the standard rush'd with fury,  
 The dying warrior held so fast.

Another scheme the hero's trying,  
 Aiblins never try'd before,  
 On's back the Ensign and the Lion  
 From the hottest battle bore.

Gazing foemen, now envying,  
 Ne'er beheld sic matchless play ;  
 While the dauntless Scot was flying,  
 Gave him praise in loud huzza.

Caledonia, bright's thy glory,  
 Fam'd abroad rever'd at hame ;  
 Thy forbears, in ancient story,  
 Have obtain'd a deathless name.

Wha can bide the brunt o' cannon,  
 Wha can thole the musket's hail,  
 France, afresh her Monsieurs mannin',  
 Deems that she will yet prevail.

In honour's bed the brave are lying,  
 Fall'n by Britannia's foe ;  
 In foreign land the green grass dyeing,  
 From their wounds which welling flow.

Are their brethren round them flyin'?

No--like brazen wall they stan',  
 Fightin' like a raging lion  
 To avenge their death that's fa'n,

On fancy's wing, I'm wafted over  
 Th' ocean, to a distant shore;  
 'Bove the ensanguin'd field I hover,  
 And hear the cannon's awfu' roar.

Fight. Britons, fight, tho' ye be weary,  
 Another struggle's victory;  
 France's prospect dark and dreary,  
 Her galled troops begin to flee.

Sol now quits his fervent fury,  
 Bathes him in the western main;  
 In like manner Bonny's glory  
 Setteth--ne'er to rise again.



## AN ADDRESS

TO THE

SCOTCH THISTLE ENCIRCLING THE CASTLE OF  
 SANQUHAR,

*As pourtrayed on the Flag of the Incorporated Trades of said Burgh,*  
 1819.

Hail! emblem proud, to Scotia long endear'd,  
 Begirt with threat'ning points which never fail'd;

When England's sons their thorn-couch'd rose uprear'd,  
 Thou shook'st thy bearded head, and still prevail'd.  
 Oft hast thou rear'd thy head in climes afar,  
 Oft turn'd the menac'd battle from our gate,  
 And oft has turn'd the doubtful scale of war,  
 Thy promptly aid's procured our peaceful state.  
 No wonder that our banners with thee wave,  
 Encompassing our castle and our towers;  
 For thee, the life-blood of our sires brave  
 Hath stream'd—that we their sons might call thee ours.  
 So now, success we'll to the Thistle drink,  
 Thy sons by land, and those who plough the main;  
 And may'st thou flourish till time's longest link,  
 Untarnish'd, Scotia's glory, still remain!



### WILLIE AND ANNIE.

---

The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
 Gang aft a-gly,  
 An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain  
 For promis'd joy.

BURNS.

Sol had fled the banks o' Kirtle,  
 Lighting up a warmer clime;  
 Shining on the groves o' myrtle,  
 Left auld Scotia for a time.

Weary wights were sound and sleepin',  
 Eas'd a while o' toil and care,  
 Morpheus held them in his keepin',  
 Tired Nature to repair.

Though the night is dark and rainy,  
 Though the burns like waters rin,  
 Willie bounds away to Annie,  
 Reckless of a droukit skin.

Love within his bosom beating,  
 Scorn'd the ghaist o' Blacket tower;  
 Dreaming o' a happy meeting,  
 Soon he reached Annie's bow'r.

Gently tirling at the winnock,  
 Least the auld guidman should hear,  
 Ann of the door undoes the lock,  
 Willie clasps his dearest dear.

To his heaving bosom press'd her,  
 Low she whispers "let me be;"  
 On ilka cheek and mou' he kiss'd her,  
 While she struggles to get free.

Now wi' ae consent they're trudgin'  
 To a laft amang some hay;  
 There takes up a random lodgin',  
 Like others i' the splunting way.



On the scented hay they're seated,  
 Cheek for chow, and han' in han',  
 Will his future scheme related,—  
 In this manner straught began :

Willie.

Lang time hae I lo'ed ye. Annie,  
 Wi' a heart baith true and leal;  
 On Kirtle banks I'm sure there canna  
 Wend a lad wha lo'es sae weel.

I hae thoughts to rent a mailing,  
 Gin I find a canny spot,  
 Trusting that ye'll no be failing,  
 Ann, to be the mistress o't.

Giglet gawkies when there dameless,  
 Jouk and jauk though seeming thrang,  
 But and ben, aye things that's nameless,  
 Out o' sight gae aften wrang.

My auld gutcher's mouldy catter,  
 He has heght to gie to me ;  
 This will help to mend the matter,  
 Join'd to ninety pound and three.

When by Hymen link't together,  
 Ye's be cled baith braw and fine,  
 Bid farewell to dad and mither,  
 Change your maiden name for mine.

Douf at hame ye needna weary,  
 When I ride to race or fair,  
 Ann shall ride fu' trim and cheery,  
 Ilka pastime there to share.

*Annie.*

I'm design'd a while to tarry,  
 And prolong a single life,  
 Thoughtless, and o'er young to marry,  
 And to be a farmer's wife.

Some years syne, baith crap and cattle  
 Yeilded nearly cent per cent,  
 Now it is an unco battle  
 To make up the landlord's rent.

Gif your gutcher's goud be coupit  
 For a mailing over dear,  
 In a wee, we might be roupit,  
 Stript o' a' our goods and gear.

Ill on ill, in battle order  
 Fills Imagination's e'e;  
 But my Piddir, 'cross the border,  
 Is the lad, the lad for me.

*Willie.*

England's dames sae braw and gaudy,  
 Fairer than the blushing rose,



Yet may twine you o' your laddie,  
On whose faith ye now repose.

Aiblins he may take the notion,  
Credit given at his ca',  
To cross the wide Atlantic ocean,  
Landing in America,

There amang the ladies dashin';  
Beauty may his heart enthrall;  
Glittering in the gayest fashion,  
Annie then may bid farewell.

Douf and dowie, vext and greetin',  
When ye hear he's wed anither,  
In despair your fingers eatin',  
Clean delerit a thegither.

Annie, ae thing's in reserve still,  
That's your parents' best advice,  
Sure ye'll no despise their counsel,  
Gin ye for yoursel' be wise.

Annie,

Ye hae drawn a darksome picture  
Of my faithful Peddir boy,  
Sounding like Tod-laurie's lecture,  
Preaching only to destroy.

Apt to take my parent's counsel,  
 Careful of their Annie's good,  
 Yet I'm at my own disposal,  
 Not like those of rōyal blood.

Or like maid, upon the Niger,  
 Whom her Joe can eithly catch,  
 If he please her dad and mither,  
 They conclude with him the match.

Willie.

Now farewell, my toying Annie,  
 Love and reason's a' in vain ;  
 Sin' your heart to move they canna,  
 Cauld and hard as ony stane.

Three times o'er the cock had crawled,  
 Willie must of course away ;  
 In the east the light had dawed,  
 Harbinger of coming day.

Howlets aid his doleful ditty,  
 As he danders hame again,  
 Woods and streams in every pity,  
 Sympathized with his pain.

## AULD S——Y'S ELEGY.

Ye fishers a' lament and greet,  
 Let saut, saut tears rin down like sweat,  
 For S——y's win' i' the last sheet  
                                     As cauld as lead ;  
 He was a fisher, maist complete,  
                                     But now he's dead.

He was the king o' a' your race,  
 The siller kipper for to chace,  
 Or if he wheel'd about would face  
                                     Wi' bickern speed,  
 Now ye may wail, ohon ! alas !  
                                     Auld S——y's dead.

Wi' sa'mon rod, or trouting wan',  
 Frae place to place he never ran,  
 Lang days thegither he would stan'  
                                     At Trough pool head ;  
 At catching fish he had the can,  
                                     But now he's dead.

Ye brawnit trouts, now play your fill  
 Frae Jardineha' to Ramblehill,  
 Nae mair his baited hook 'll kill,  
                                     Or ere you dread,  
 For now right sair against his will,  
                                     Auld S——y's dead.

I' th' trows he'd sail fu' bonnilie,  
 When Annan it was clear and wee,  
 And glowr for fish wi' tentie e'e  
                                     And meikle greed,  
 And syne the leister he'd let flee,  
                                     But now he's dead.

Nae mair at night we'll him espy  
 Afore the broom-light, bleezin' high  
 Thro' mirky cloud illum'd the sky,  
                                     Wi' sparkling red,  
 Death never seal'd a glegger eye  
                                     Than his that's dead.

Ye trowlers a' for him mak' main,  
 For mony a fit wi' you he's gane,  
 And mony a fish he's killed and ta'en  
                                     Without a whid,  
 Now ye may trowl and fish your lane,  
                                     Auld S——y's dead.

Nae mair his wraith will fouk afright  
 At Trough-pool head, at dead o' night,  
 And gar them glowr wi' dazzling sight,  
                                     And use a creed,  
 " Preserve us ! this guid sic a night,"  
                                     For now he's dead.

Nae mair he'll poaching fishers quarrel,  
 Wha stowlings off the sa'mon hurl,

Or yet make Betty draw the barrel  
                                     For liquor guid,  
 Or pree her cheese and aiten farrel,  
                                     Auld S——y's dead.

That wee bit loch aside the Biel,  
 The curling stane he'd play fu' leal,  
 And make the shots a' clattering reel  
                                     Round the tee head,  
 The pith and aim Dryfe lads wad feel,  
                                     But S——y's dead.

Stupid pride was ne'er his failing,  
 Just and upright in his dealing,  
 Poortith pale, frae aff his mailing,  
                                     Were serv'd in need,  
 The country far and near's bewailing  
                                     Auld S——y dead.



AN ODE,  
 SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES WILLIAM,  
 LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH & QUEENSBERRY.

“*Quando ullum invenient parem?*”

HORACE, Ode xxiv, Book 1.

All hail, my Muse, inspire thy Bard to sing  
 A country's heavy loss in great Buccleuch;  
 Of each fine feeling touch the softest string,  
 For him that's dead and lost to mortal view.

Tho' born to titles, wealth, and honours great,  
 Yet what can all these transient things afford !  
 At death's approach we all must yield to fate—  
 Alike then falls the peasant and his lord.

Five times the circling seasons sped away  
 Since his fair partner bade her lord adieu,  
 Then drop't the mantle of this mortal clay,—  
 The soul, set free, to brighter worlds flew.

Far, far beyond keen fancy's utmost bound  
 Shall kindred spirits meet to part no more,  
 Where Jesus reigns, in beaming glory crown'd,  
 And saints and angels worship and adore.

Tho' high in rank, in friendship's circle high,  
 And to the view, smooth slid life's passing stream,  
 Yet, when alone, he often heaved a sigh,  
 And pleasure vanished like a morning dream.

O happy youth, when every virtue fair  
 Is brought to view, and precept leads the road,  
 When fostered by the hand of mild paternal care,  
 To tread the narrow path that leads to God.

This lot was his, his father ever prone  
 To store his mind with every moral grace,  
 And virtue rare, that, long conspicuous, shone  
 In ancestors of high distinguish'd race.

For as the hardy, tall, umbrageous oak,  
 Defends the lesser trees which round it grow,—  
 Bears, in their stead, the elemental shock  
 Which, if defenceless, would them overthrow ;—

Or like a nest beneath his fostering wing,  
 Depending poor oft met his kind employ,  
 And oft he caused the widow's heart to sing,  
 And oft the orphan's bosom heave with joy.

O thou Supreme ! who by thy power sustain'st  
 This massive ball, and bid'st the seasons roll,  
 And o'er the grand machine a right maintain'st  
 And mark'st each part subservient to the whole—

Behold yon mourners, who their sire lament !  
 By nature's tender tie the salt drops flow ;  
 May resignation banish discontent,  
 And consolation stem the tide of woe.

Long may his offspring in those virtues shine,  
 Which he possess'd conspicuous to the view,  
 And every grace the ancestral line,  
 Of much rever'd, lamented, great BUCCLEUCH.



## ELEGIAC VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER,  
WHO DIED 7TH DECEMBER, 1818.

---

Hail, night! thou scene for contemplation dear,  
Besitting now the subject which I choose,—  
Hail, silence, too! let naught obtrude my ear,  
Assist to paint my plaintive, mournful Muse.

Ah! why this letter bound with blackest seal?  
Why "haste and care," thus noted here below?  
And as I break it up, what's this I feel  
Convulse my heart, presaging grief and woe?

A true presage!—my father is no more!  
His trem'lous pulse hath now forgot to play,  
His round of years is seven and fourscore,  
On leaving friends below, and mortal clay.

Haste, O my brethren! let us all attend  
The obsequies of him who gave us birth;  
And let our sire this useful lesson lend,  
That we must die, and mix with kindred earth.

My prayers are heard: my brethren all inclin'd  
T' attend the nodding hearse, and join the bier;  
Our trembling hands have dust to dust consign'd,  
And o'er the grave pour'd forth affection's tear.

Flow on, ye tributary tears, now flow,  
 Divine example taught us from above;  
 For JESUS wept at Laz'rus grave, you know;  
 Test of 's humanity, of friendship, and of love.

List Wisdom's voice, which bids us cease to grieve,  
 JESUS, our rock, our mountain, ever make;  
 Though earthly parents now by death us leave,  
 The LORD, our living friend, will us uptake.

Like as the master gathereth in the shocks  
 From fields around, to where the barn-yard stands;  
 So to the grave our sires, in hoary locks,  
 Descend—and death a reverend awe demands.

He, with our mother, rear'd our tender youth.  
 With all the fondness of parental love,  
 And early stor'd our minds with divine truth,  
 To love our brother, and the God above.

Farewell my sisters, and my brothers too,  
 Perhaps we all on earth may meet no more;  
 O may we still the path of life pursue,  
 And meet at last upon a happier shore!



#### AN EJACULATORY PRAYER.

O thou Most High, who reign'st above,  
 Vouchsafe to guide me still,

And fill my heart with heavenly love,  
Thy precepts to fulfil.

No free-will works, nor worth have I,  
A sinner quite undone ;  
Yet Jesus Christ for such did die,  
And made their sins his own.

Through the atonement he hath made,  
Let mercy flow to me ;  
Then when I'm number'd with the dead,  
I'll live and reign with THEE.



## REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

Occasioned by the death of the Author's youngest son.

Again the circling southern sun  
Proclaims another year is run,  
Which shortens the diminish'd span  
Of time below to mortal man.

The sacred Volume holds to view  
How short our days—how passing few ;  
Fleeter than the eagle's flight,  
More transient than a watch of night ;  
And ages swift as shadows fly,  
As nothing in the divine eye,

Contrasted with that blissful shore,  
Where moons shall wax and wane no more.

How many, since the last new year,  
Of nearest kin and kindred dear,  
Have run life's short and fleet career,  
On whom the law hath had its sway,  
By mingling with their kindred clay?

By hope we view in bliss divine,  
The soul in life immortal shine,  
Through Jesus, our true Pascal lamb,  
Who for our bliss a curse became,  
That we might soar and sing above  
The praises of Redeeming love.

Grant us, O Lord! thy quickening grace  
To fit us for that happy place,  
So when life's day below doth close,  
We may enjoy a calm repose,  
Since in thy holy word we see,  
Blest are the dead who die in THEE.

Time's on the wing when all amain  
Shall spring to life and light again,  
When the dread trumpet's awful sound  
Shall earth's remotest regions wound,  
The grave shall yield her ancient charge,  
And ransom'd captives set at large.

O happy and thrice blessed day,  
 When all the saints, in glorious 'ray,  
 Will meet their Lord and Saviour dear  
 In air, and at his bar appear,  
 Their sentence and acquittal given.  
 With angel hosts they wing for heaven.

Whilst woe—unutterable woe,  
 Makes misery's bitter cup o'erflow  
 To rebel angels, rebel men,  
 Beyond keen fancy's utmost ken.

My thoughts attend that ransom'd race,  
 Who sing the praise of sovereign grace,  
 In honour of their mighty King,  
 Till all the heavenly arches ring.

There, THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
 Will lose part of its mystery ;  
 For knowledge vast there far extends,  
 As far as finite comprehends ;  
 For still a something will remain  
 Unknown to angels and to men.

As on a stream that passeth by,  
 New glories catch th' admiring eye ;  
 So, if the metaphor be true,  
 New glories there will spring to view.

To make our cup of bliss o'erflow,  
 We death-divided friends will know,  
 And join the throng with one accord,  
 To praise our gracious sovereign LORD.

There, angels' notes we'll far outvie,  
 Who still may stoop, and gaze and pry,  
 Yet never shall that mystery scan,  
 God's boundless love bestowed on man.

There the uncloth'd shall clearly see  
 What here had prov'd a mystery ;  
 God's dealing with the sons of men  
 Was to procure their countless gain ;  
 Those dispensations intricate,  
 Were all in love, devoid of hate.

Fain would my feeble pow'rs essay  
 T' anticipate the glorious lay  
 By saints and angels sung above,  
 Where all is harmony and love.

Lord, guide me in the narrow path  
 That leads to life, thro' temp'ral death ;  
 Where faith and hope will useless prove,  
 And every grace give way to love.



## VERSES

*Composed on reading the news of the death of our much-beloved and  
regretted Sovereign King George the Third.*

---

From whence this sound of grief-presaging knell?  
And why doth prince and peasant sable wear?  
Why heaves the sobbing breast with anguish fell?  
Why bursts the eye with sorrow's scalding tear?

Yes, there is reason now to weep and wail,  
A nation's loss demands a nation's woe;  
Yon black-edged print relates the rueful tale,  
King George the Third is now by death laid low!

Long hath he reign'd upon the British throne,  
And o'er his subjects, as a father mild;  
The troublous times have brighter lustre thrown,  
And happy success oft our pain beguil'd.

Oft hath the battle rag'd in climes afar,  
Oft thunder'd on the peace disturbed sea;  
But still by Him, who turns the scale of war,  
Are British isles and British subjects free.

At day's decline, oft times the murky cloud  
Obscures the vaulted arch, and prospects vast;  
So fell disease his nobler pow'rs ensbroud,  
Which held them firm, and held them to the last.



Our latest struggles, 'specially Waterloo,  
 And what's to patriotic Briton's dear,  
 Our many trophies from the vanquished foe,  
 Ne'er met his eye, nor victory's sound his ear.

His crown and sceptre must another grace,  
 And on his throne another bear the sway ;  
 His spirit freed, new worlds of glory trace,  
 And wear the crown which never fades away.

His part that's mortal from the tomb at length  
 Shall joyful wake, with Heavenly beauties glow,  
 Freed from corruption, in immortal strength,  
 Nor death, nor pain, nor sighing sorrow know.

O thou, Britannia ! may this meed be thine,  
 Thy sovereigns, subjects of the KING of kings,  
 Their virtuous memory round thy heart entwine,  
 And flourish till the last shrill trumpet rings.



### TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

*On presenting the Author with a Ticket to the valuable Library  
 at Sanquhar.*

Is friendship but an empty name,  
 An idle gaudy toy,  
 The breath of praise to fan a flame,  
 But kindled to destroy?

Descend, descend from heights above,  
 In all thy golden glow,  
 Thou spark from the great source of love,  
 And cheer this vale below.

How often, often, have I found  
 Professed friendship wind,  
 A specious, hollow, empty sound,  
 That left no trace behind.

For when the day of adverse fate,  
 Like waters rush'd amain;  
 'Twas then I found, but found too late,  
 Professed friendship—vain.

O gratitude! where art thou fled?  
 Where dost thou now preside?  
 'Mong heathens hast thou rear'd thy head,  
 The tiny tribes to guide?

Like to the bow that spans the vale,  
 The bow of lovely hue,  
 To reach its base we ever fail,  
 Which flits as we pursue.

By reading books, I learn of thee  
 Who liv'd in olden time;  
 Of moderns, too, in humble prose,  
 Or more exalted rhyme.

And tho' the sun of pöesy  
 Be sunk in death's long night,  
 Among the stars of mean degree  
 I'll shed a twinkling light.

And if the silvery moon should set,  
 All dreary wère our plains,  
 Unless the stars a light emit,  
 To cheer our nymphs and swains.

A grateful heart towards my friend  
 I ever cherish shall ;  
 'Tis all a Bardie can pretend,  
 Their bounties are but small.

My warmest wishes for your weal  
 I'll carefully employ ;  
 May every blessing that is real  
 Brim fill your cup of joy !

And may we have him as a friend,  
 Though we should have no other,  
 Whose friendship never knows an end,—  
 Sticks closer than a brother !

## THE SHORT-LIVED JOYS OF WILLIE HASTIE.

A TRUE TALE.

Young Willie, on the banks o' Clyde,  
 His youthfu' passions couldna bide,  
 But ran to fairs, and merry meetings,  
 And gied the lasses mony treatings.  
 Amang them a', to pick and choose,  
 And with some winsome winchie noose.  
 As you shall hear, young Will was bidden  
 Unto a weddin', at Gilridding;  
 And thither mony a beau and belle  
 Keen vied, each other to excel.  
 The simmer draught had made fu' clean,  
 Afore the door a bonnie green,  
 On which our younkers tript it fine,  
 To shew their skill in keeping time;  
 While loud the laugh, and bauld the brag  
 If they could cause each other fag;  
 The auld folks crack and wet their craigie  
 Wi' Highland strunt or dear Kilbeggie.  
 The dazzlin' sun made brows mair brow,  
 And lassies sweet now sweeter shaw;  
 Those void o' charms now charms discover,  
 And very quickly find a lover.  
 Now wha should catch young Willie's een,  
 But beauty's model, Jenny Steen;

Wha's ilka limb and ilka feature,  
 Shaw'd her the master-piece o' Nature ;—  
 And she nae less' was ta'en wi' Will,  
 Tho' custom wadna let her tell.  
 Ye lengthen'd courtships a' be hush,  
 When ilk ane's fitted to their wish ;  
 The minted meanin' is as plain  
 As three times seven's twenty-ane ;  
 A love like their's brooks no delay,  
 But posted on their bridal-day.  
 To take young Willie's trade alang,  
 He sew'd, he whistled, and he sang,  
 To cheer his Jenny at the spinnin'  
 Her web o' twice six hundred linen.  
 On downy wings sax months were fled,  
 And Willie thought him brawly sped,  
 Nae room to doubt his courage left,  
 His Jenny like an elson-heft.—  
 Ae night about the chap o' ten,  
 Young Jenny felt unusual pain,  
 Which, now-a-days is grown sae common  
 With toying wench and married woman.  
 So o'er the eye of Prick-the-louse,  
 She drew the blade of sly excuse :  
 “ The other day when at the well,  
 “ By chance I slipt the fit and fell  
 “ Upon the can, and hurt my side  
 “ That's now grown worse and worse to bide.

" Hae done your parritch ! haste ye Will ;  
 " Swith off and seek to me some skill !"  
 Stitch gulp'd the sequel o' his crowdie,  
 And ran with speed to bring the howdie,  
 Thus done, he took a second tour,  
 Wi' a' the birr was in his pow'r ;  
 Nae dirt, I wat, stuck to his feet,  
 On gatherin' in the wanton meat :  
 The loaves, the whisky, and the cheese,  
 And a' that could the gossips please,  
 Or pleasure Jenny at the least,  
 The mother of the coming feast.  
 To paint what Bodkin now might feel,  
 So anxious for his Jenny's weel,  
 Outdings the pow'r of poet's quill.  
 When cheerful day had banish'd night,  
 The skirlin' wee ane saw the light ;  
 And Phæton had yok'd his steeds,  
 The infant child, in infant weeds  
 Was full bedight ;— a gossip ran  
 For Stitch to kiss his wife and son.  
 My muse, be hush, ye canna tell't,  
 The short liv'd joys that Bodkin felt,  
 The grief, the sorrow, and vexation,  
 The brim-full cup of consternation ;  
 Convulsive nature caus'd him weep,  
 On viewing nature's chimla sweep ;  
 Nae premature —a plump, ripe wean,  
 A tawny, din, or half a cane.



Then turning round to Jenny, said,  
 Thou trust deceiving faithless jade,  
 This moment I do take an aith,  
 Ae bed s'all never had us baith.  
 Na, nor ae house, nor native lan'.  
 Thus having said, frae her he ran,  
 And left his ance-lov'd Jenny Steen,  
 And straught took on for a marine.  
 The moral of this tale may prove  
 The bad effect of lawless love.



### MUNGO CLARK'S FUNERAL.

*A satire on the mode of funeral entertainment, or service, now  
 so happily done away with in most parts of Scotland.*

Some fouk may think the muse should tell  
 The place, by death, where Mungie fell:  
 If on the spot she rightly hit,  
 'Twas some place near to Carron-fit,—  
 I mean its junction with the Nith,  
 Where he resigned life and breath.  
 All further preface now to spare—  
 A faithful friend, with anxious care,  
 Each requisite, with zeal prepar'd,  
 To have him decently interr'd.  
 The goods were sold for ready pence,  
 To aid the funeral expence;



The wallet, too, o' duffle green,  
 That had some years o' service seen;  
 In tear and wear it much had thol'd,  
 With wind and rain, *et cetera*, hol'd;  
 His vera claiths and peddir staff,  
 The cankert curs that keepit aff,  
 Nor thought of using fleechin' wordies,  
 But with it soundly bang'd their h—dies;  
 Yet after a' this frugal wark,  
 It pinch'dly coft a wooden sark;—  
 But what was lacking in the matter,  
 The guests supply'd with gifted catter,—  
 I mean the guests assembled here,  
 Attendants on the funeral bier,  
 Which but to mention at the time  
 Would overswell my tale and rhyme.  
 Be't known they came from near and far,  
 The Carn, the Chanlock, and the Scaur;  
 The trough o' Nith came a' at will,  
 And mony ane frae 'bout Thornhill;  
 The lads o' Carron, by the grit,  
 Assembled at their streamlet's fit.  
 Now Gavan Grave in accents clear,  
 Sounds of a grace as lang's a prayer,  
 In which he'd scope to moralize,  
 And soars aboon the upper skies;  
 Yet all his doctrines he might spare,  
 For some, who eyed the welcome fare.

Imprimis,—then to wet their mou',  
 And sin' their craig, twa glass o' blue,  
 And eke their eating to describe,  
 The wheaten loaf in mony a shive:  
 Secundo—then twa glass o' rum  
 Made some to speak, before were dumb,  
 And followed by the short-bread cake,  
 Of which they freely might partake;  
 Tertio—then twa glass o' wine,  
 Which caus'd the crystal glasses shine,  
 With carvi'd bread, and bread and cheese,  
 And as much yill as e'er they please.—  
 This done, a sage the bonnet clinkit  
 Frae's pow, and said a lang bethankit.  
 The steeds are brought frae out the stall,  
 They mount their chargers, one and all;  
 And, that they might with ease proceed,  
 A hearse conveys the silent dead,  
 The day was wet, the wind blew fierce,  
 Which caus'd them lodge within the hearse  
 Some whisky, fast by Mungie's side,  
 To be a dram, at auld Kirkbride;  
 Or aiblins twa; and what the matter,  
 'Twad bang the bitter blast the better.  
 Ere we proceed, 'twill be of use  
 A character to introduce:  
 A gangrel body, ane M'Donnan,  
 Came stalking onward, ower the loanin';

As to the service down they sat,  
 The carle had smelled out the rat,  
 That tribe I trow are as auldfarran  
 As corbie-craws, that live on carrion.  
 Soon as the dead is borne away,  
 The gang appears in full array;  
 Some white money—what donors please—  
 Besides a dad o' bread and cheese;  
 And if a glass withal be given,  
 The defunct's sure to rest in heaven.  
 M'Donnan's aid they seek, they crave,  
 To run before, and make the grave;  
 That he might run wi' greater speed,  
 The cash in hand they to him gi'ed;  
 Forbye a dram to keep his heart,  
 That he might better play his part,  
 Which but to doubt, there was nae cause,  
 For he had seen some greater snaws,  
 When rankit 'mang the British tars  
 He fac'd her foes and fought her wars.  
 Suffic't to say, that a' went right,  
 For as the hearse appear'd in sight,  
 The narrow house was fully made,  
 And he stood leaning o'er the spade,  
 Whilk soon he play'd with strength and skill,  
 The new made grave again to fill;  
 And every funeral rite to crown,  
 The green-grass sod was clapped down.

Each funeral guest instinctive draws  
 Beneath Kirkbride's auld ruin'd wa's,  
 The new-made sexton with them ranks  
 Upon a stane, to ease his shanks.  
 The whisky here, they had reserv'd,  
 Was round and round in order serv'd ;  
 And if the truth I must allow,  
 M'Donnan got notorious fou ;  
 To poise his bulk, hauds by the wa's,  
 As aft he quits, as aft he fa's ;—  
 Had not this scheme come in their head,  
 He might hae lain amang the dead ;  
 His wife nae mair had Andrew seen,  
 Like laden bee, come hame at e'en,  
 The wight so light, who reels and rattles,  
 They lodge beside the empty bottles.  
 Within the hearse at length he's streekit,  
 And hard and fast the door is steekit ;  
 Then slowly moving down the steep,  
 The Carle drappit fast asleep.  
 Their hameward path as they pursue,  
 Drumlanrig bar appears in view,  
 At which they maistly lighted down,  
 And join'd the bowl, their bliss to crown,  
 Sae reekin' het, without a fault,  
 Unless it was the pith o' malt,  
 Now sable night, her veil unfurl'd,  
 And spread it o'er this lower world ;

The furthy Dame, with speeches sleek,  
 And sma' expence the cash to cleek,  
 Bounc'd bauldly ben her guests to please,  
 By treating them with bread and cheese.  
 The cakes were guid, the cheese was rich,  
 They a' agreed they couldna fitch—  
 Then rang the bell, and cry'd in haste,  
 Bring ben a bottle o' the best.  
 The bowl they fill, and quickly drain,  
 Then fill and drink, and fill again ;—  
 Unclouded wit and learning clear,  
 Shine forth in double lustre here ;  
 When lo ! auld Jehu's son and heir,  
 Took of his father special care,  
 Came rap, rap, rap, unto the door,  
 And disconcerts the merry core.  
 What though he tauld as guid a story  
 As e'er a Cam'ron, whig, or tory,  
 'Twas a' in vain.       \*       \*       \*  
 He might as weel been deaf or dumb,  
 His father wadna budge his b—m ;  
 Nor wad young Jehu drink or stay,  
 But hasten'd much to get away.  
 Th' impatient steeds now paw the road,  
 The sable plumes obedient nod ;  
 He seiz'd the whip, he seiz'd the rein,  
 Then on the seat he vaults amain.  
 As dun deer thro' the forest bounds,  
 As hare pursued by the hounds,



The chargers run as fierce and fleet,  
 The fire is flashin' frae their feet;  
 The jolting carriage kept it's poize,  
 But made a thundering mighty noise.  
 Scarce had they past the first mile stone,  
 When issued from the hearse a groan;  
 Tho' faint at first it struck the ear,  
 It made young Jehu quake for fear;  
 In consternation, wrapt and lost,  
 He thought it might be Mungie's ghost,  
 Or something worse, he couldna tell,  
 Perhaps it might be Mungie's sel';  
 Then stay'd the steeds, and wheel'd about,  
 And for the toll bar took his route.  
 Anon, anon, the sound proceeds,  
 Which made him faster urge the steeds;  
 And when the groans gave way to cries,  
 He slacks the reins, the whip he plies:  
 The steeds nae quicker could hae gone,  
 Tho' they'd been dri'en by Phæton.  
 Still louder baul'd the hoary tar,  
 Avast! give place to ply the oar;  
 But sae encag'd, where can I be?  
 I'm neither on the land nor sea.  
 But dash'd about and onward whirl'd,  
 I doubt I'm in the other world.  
 Meantime they gain'd the destin'd post,  
 When sally'd forth baith guests and host;

Young Jehu cry'd so loud and fierce,  
 O father! Mungie's i' the hearse.  
 As from the box he leaped down,  
 His bristled hair stood on his crown;  
 His look was wild—but, to be brief,  
 Fear shook him like an aspen leaf.  
 They op't the hearse, and, from the prison,  
 Crawl'd forth the prisoner, auld M'Donnan,  
 Eas'd of his fears, and blythe and fain  
 To tread the solid ground again.  
 My jaded muse maun now forbear  
 To tell how lang they bended here;  
 How much the lawin was ava,  
 Or at what hour they went awa;—  
 So let no querist prove a pest,  
 They took their leave when they thought best.  
 Tho' oft they fell, yet still they rose,  
 And only soil'd their sombre clothes;  
 With lith and limb got safely hame,  
 Tho' some approach'd a scolding Dame.



ELEGY ON MUNGIE CLARK,  
 LATE TRAVELLING MERCHANT.

Hills, woods, and valleys a' complain,  
 Thou Nith, soft winding to the main,



And tribute streamlets join the strain,  
                                     For well ye need,  
 Till echoes wide ring owre the plain,  
                                     That Mungie's dead.

Ye burdies, wail in waefu' notes,  
 Till grief hae roopit a' your throats;  
 Ye harmless sheep, in nightly cots,  
                                     Bleat out with speed,  
 And tell the nimble mountain goats,  
                                     Auld Mungie's dead.

Mourn him, ye peddirls every one,  
 Frae wallet-green to caravan;  
 Ye wha at fairs set out your stan'  
                                     To gain your bread,  
 Grim death has got the upper han',  
                                     O, Mungie's dead!

Ye wives on Nith, and wives on Craw,  
 In Annandale and Gallowa',  
 Now let the pearly draps down fa',  
                                     For well ye may,  
 Since he wha clad you a' fu' braw,  
                                     Lies cauld in clay.

Each bonnie lass, O join thy mither,  
 And let the sant draps mix thegither,  
 For Tuffie-pack, that gleesome peddir,  
                                     Hath run his race;

Nor dale, nor shire, will find anither  
To fill his place.

In winter nights at farmer's ha',  
Knives, sheers, and razors he would shaw,  
Plaids, shawls, and napkins, guid and braw,  
Sale to procure,  
And things were no made here ava',  
You may be sure.

A farmer's wife, 'tis aften said,  
At Thornhill fair would buy a plaid,  
But being rather coarse of thread,  
She threw it back  
For one of finer texture made,  
On Mungie's pack.

And soon the artfu', greedy knave,  
It shuffled slyly through the lave  
O's goods—and said sure ane I have,  
Since ye're sae nice,  
Will owre your h—dies gaily wave,  
But high in price.

“ And what's the price?” — “ Five crowns,” he said,  
“ It's fit for either wife or maid ;  
“ You might, to find a bonnier plaid,  
“ Gang far eneugh ;”



“ And heir at law, so pay his bill  
     “ Cash down to me.”

Quo’ she, and made an unco flare,  
 “ I hae nae siller now to spare ;  
 “ But gin ye at our winter fair,  
     “ Set out your stan’,  
 “ I’ll pay you plack and penny there,  
     “ Gif that I can.”

“ Guidwife,” quo’ he, “ the deceas’d haunted  
 “ The house of those of whom he wanted,  
 “ I saw his ghaist it maun be granted,  
     “ Ayont the stack ;  
 “ Gin it appears, ye’re fairly lanted,  
     “ I’ll wad my pack.”

Then wyl’t her out to point the road,  
 When lo ! a figure, queer and odd,  
 Now up and down, wi’ mony a nod,  
     And hollow grane,  
 “ Watch owre us baith, he’s skipt the sod,  
     “ We’re gane—we’re gane!”

Then hame she ran in panic haste,  
 Syne rummag’d through an aiken kist,  
 And wi’ the siller in her fist,  
     Return’d wi’ speed ;  
 G 3



As soon as he got well again,  
 To's former ways he bent amain,  
 Nor stick't at aught to cleek in gain.  
                                 To keep him bousin' ;  
 Thus drowning every care and pain  
                                 In deep carousin'.

But mark, ere long the tricker's tricket,  
 For death ran fiercely thro' a wicket,  
 And deep in Mungie's breast he sticket  
                                 A mortal woun',  
 Thro's back transpierc'd the vera wallet,  
                                 And baith fell down,

Gif ony for his tombstone speer,  
 Wha wish to shed a tribute tear,  
 It's at Kirkbride, near Durrisdeer,  
                                 Known by this mark ;  
 " The mortal part's interred here  
                                 Of Mungie Clark."



AN EPISTLE TO G—— W——, Esq.

FEBRUARY 10, 1820.

—  
 Sir, for your gift I thank you brawlie,  
 A compliment baith gude and wallie,



A yellow, mellow, sweet milk cheese,  
 Alike baith taste and stomach please.  
 My wife and son, beneath my wing,  
 Now loudly in your praises sing ;  
 And while we on the kebbuck feast,  
 We wish you what is termed blest.  
 I wot you judge, and judge aright,  
 A poet's purse is often light ;  
 Nor are their pantries better stor'd  
 With daintiths rare, to crown the board.  
 Sin' Homer's days, the Grecian bard,  
 And Virgil, the Mantuan herd,  
 Who sung sae sweet in canty strains,  
 And charm'd the streams, the woods and plains ;  
 The rivers stay'd their rapid course,  
 Lest they offend with murmurs hoarse ;  
 The fleecy flocks forgot to graze,  
 And listen'd to the poet's lays ;  
 The tunefu' burdies lend their song,  
 Old echo bears the notes along  
 The woody vales and sloping hills,  
 While Nature's heart the music thrills ;  
 The Tweed, the Yarrow, and the Doon,  
 Respondent rung to many a tune,  
 And other streams of lesser note,  
 By native bards that I could quote.  
 The peerless fair, the brave, the bold,  
 Still lives in verse, tho' dead of old ;



Our country's right, our country's wrong,  
 Breathes forth in many a Scottish song.  
 If Burn's mantle I could catch,  
 The following streams these streams should match;  
 Or if his muse would on me ca',  
 I'd sing the Yochan, Nith, and Crow;  
 Their flow'ry vales and woody braes,  
 Would answer to the poet's lays;  
 The frisking lambs and gamesome sheep,  
 In fitful play, the time would keep.  
 But O! imagination wild!  
 Reserv'd for Nature's favourite child,  
 So my poor muse maun droop her wing  
 And leav't to other bards to sing;  
 Aiblins some are yet unborn  
 May better blaw and bear the horn.  
 You'll think that frae the point I'm wide  
 But when I gammon lay astride,  
 Pegasus srieves owre hill and glen,  
 And where he'll halt ye winna ken,  
 Tho' reckless of a beaten track,  
 I make a shift to keep his back.  
 At other times he winna stir,  
 Tho' I should ply baith whip and spur,  
 As restive as a thraward filly,  
 Or jaded horse that's run in dilly.  
 My love unto your winsome fair,  
 Health, wealth, content, and a' that's rare,

Attend your ca' ;—your offspring prove  
 The solace of your mutual love.  
 But to conclude my wishes fervent,  
 Your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES KENNEDY.



# CRAWICKMILL.

A POEM.

Rab Burns has sung Edina's city,  
 Scotian mountain, wood and rill,  
 But nae bard, sae mair's the pity,  
 Ever thought on Crawickmill.

Here there's routh o' running water,  
 For to grind the corn and bear,  
 Here the dinsome clap plays clatter,  
 A' the seasons o' the year,

If new pick't and famous tift in,  
 Wheelin' round wi' merry sough,  
 Keepin' aft twa sisters *sittin'*,  
 And to manage't work eneugh.

Here the farmer coups his siller,  
 For some mugs o' D——'s yill,  
 Aided by the dusty miller,  
 To sin down the fouky meal.

Here there's carding, spinning, dying,  
 Carlins tough to twist and twine,  
 Here the carpet shuttle's flying,  
 Casting up the figures fine.

Fertile genius introducing  
 Patterns many, neat, and new,  
 Fancy pieces ay inducing  
 Sale, from figure, cloth, and hue.

Ilka ane maun hae a carpet,  
 Frae the cottage to the ha',  
 Some gaes to the Lon'on market,  
 Some to German gentles braw.

Some are bought for sake o' figure,  
 To adorn my lady's floor,  
 Some to bang the winter's rigour,  
 Where the storm lies dreigh and dour.

Here a kind o' wooden clankets,  
 Daddin on wi' stinted scoup,  
 Wauking some wife's white skin blankets,  
 Or some flannel for her d—p.

Here the famous country dyer,  
 Ony hue ye like can give,  
 Suited to his kind employer,  
 Since by trade he dies to live.

Here the braid claith gets a dressing,  
 Snoddit wi' the meikle shears,  
 Undergoes a course of pressing,  
 Then like English claith appears.

Here auld wives like cadger's ponies,  
 Wi' their woo' come drapping in;  
 Frae the country lasses bonny  
 Gettin't cardit fit to spin.

Here the fair 'mang woo' and ulie,  
 Langsome wait or they get lame,  
 Where ensues a skaitbless tully  
 Frae a frettin', cankert dame.

If some deem it all a fiction  
 What before I writ in glee,  
 The subject's open for inspection,  
 They may come themsel's and see.

If they want a shool or spadie,  
 Iron girdle, wee or big,  
 At the forge they'll find them ready,  
 In the shop of J——y R——g.

# THE COMPLAINT AND PETITION OF EL- LIOCK BRIDGE.

*To the Trustees on the Highways, for the County of Dumfries, &c.  
July, 1821.*

Some sax score years hae ta'en their flight,  
Since reared by the sons of light,  
In true masonic order gran',  
O'er Nitha's stream I bent my span,  
But now grown crazy, auld, and frail,  
For brigs, and men, and a' maun fail.

Lang hae I stood a common good,  
And borne the dash o' mony a flood  
That wrought my brethren meikle wae,  
Swept pillars, arch, and tools away.  
In spring, when a' the holms were red,  
And rains descended frae the head,  
The Nith then rolling in his pride,  
My landstools lav'd on every side.

And often, too, the Lammas flood  
Hath us'd my brigship rough and rude;  
Mair deep, tho' not so drumlie then,  
I've aft been fash'd to haud my ain:  
Whilst 'neath my arch, the farmer's hay  
Was by the current swept away

To some wife's cow, as fodder till her,  
As scant o' credit as o' siller.

The harvest floods, they too hae borne,  
Frae aff the howms, the sheaves o' corn,  
And strew'd them on some leeward field,  
Where fouk hae reap'd wha never till'd;  
But worst of a', the frosts and snaws,  
The heavy rains and sudden thaws,  
'Twixt bank and brae the Nitha roll'd,  
And couldna, wouldna be control'd,  
Red roaring onward to the sea.  
'Twas then a dreary time for me.

At boards of ice, when seen afar,  
I've set my stibbly legs aspar;  
Their heavy dash me bruise'd and wounded,  
Till a' the Ellick woods resounded.  
And far across the upper plain,  
The Yochan linns rung back again;  
E'en Crawick, as wud as wud can be,  
Spent a' their foaming rage on me;  
Whilk caus'd me aften stand aghast,  
For fear they'd bang me at the last.  
I've likewise got uncanny hotches  
Frae thoughtless Jehus driving coaches,  
Wha past me o'er wi' sic a birrel,  
That made my vera back to dirrel.



At daimen time a coach and four,  
 With gecking dames might pass me o'er,  
 That shook and breez'd my fabric sair :  
 But wha would not oblige the fair.  
 If it be true that people say,  
 'Twas for a noble lady gay,  
 A Thane first cast my ponsive way.  
 But, oh ! the carts that's o'er me gone,  
 Of lime in shells frae Corsincone ;  
 And mony a ane I've had to thole  
 Throughout the year, wi' Sanquhar coal ;  
 Besides the draughts that cross'd me still,  
 In winter dark, for kiln and mill ;  
 And add to these some thousand cattle  
 Dri'en south to graze and make them fat all ;  
 With droves of sheep, I canna say  
 How many past in waesome mae :  
 Belike they thought on hill and plain,  
 And scenes they ne'er would see again.  
 'Tho' now the day be long and clear,  
 The coming winter much I fear :  
 When darkness holds her dreary reign,  
 And spreads her veil o'er hill and plain ;  
 A thousand snares, unknown by day,  
 Beset the nightly traveller's way.

Now my Petition to curtail,  
 And tell a plain and simple tale ;



O wad ye, sirs, be sae obliging  
 As to repair my broken ledging,  
 I yet might stand fu' trim and trig,  
 Nor scare fouk at my ledgeless brig ;  
 At Sanquhar, if they get a drappie  
 Of Highland blue, or reaming nappie,  
 Their heads are in a wofu' bizz ay,  
 Cappernoited, doylt, and dizzy ;  
 The road, though wide, 's no wide eneugh,  
 They're aften fa'ing i' the sheugh ;  
 If from my arch they fa' amain,  
 I doubt they'll never rise again,  
 And though they're whiskified indeed,  
 'Their blude will hang aboon my head.

Nae farther gane, the ither night,  
 Wi' kelpie's sel' I got a fright ;  
 The mischief-making sprite did seem  
 To dance alang the gurly stream,  
 And made a kind o' eldritch noise,  
 Yet in its way seem'd to rejoice,  
 And on my dimpling pool a lowe  
 Of blinking light, inclin'd to blue,  
 Whilk turn'd my head while looking on,  
 And shook my vera heart o' stone.

O wad YOUR HONOURS my condition  
 Inspect, and grant my sma' Petition,

My grateful heart—as well it may—  
Would for your welfare ever pray.

ELLIOCK BRIDGE.



ELLIOCK WOOD DRYAD,

IN CONTINUATION OF THE FOREGOING.

Ae July month, at e'ening's fall,  
Twa gentle dames frae Elliock Hall,  
Pursued their walk along the wood,  
To view the Nitha's crystal flood.

The winds were in their cave asleep,  
Nor fann'd the trees, nor stirr'd the deep;  
Each balmy flow'r, of various hue,  
Became a cup of lucid dew.

As to the bridge they onward drew,  
The rising moon appear'd in view;  
Her rays the wood in silver clad,  
And chamber'd in the Nitha's bed,  
Where objects vast they might survey,  
Could not be seen by glare of day;  
The fish seem'd white, the pebbles bright  
Reflected to the moon-beam light.

When lo, a voice assail'd their ear,  
 Evinced a female speaker near ;  
 To Elliock Bridge it straight began,  
 As noted here, the tenour ran :—  
 “ O'er Elliock woods sae braid and wide,  
 As guardian Dryad I preside ;  
 Some few days syne an ear I lent  
 To thy petition and complaint,  
 Preferred in vain : for from me learn,  
 'Thou soon shalt be a shapeless cairn :  
 Another brig stand on thy stool,  
 To overspan the darksome pool,  
 Of granite grey from Yochan banks,  
 Mair steeve than e'er stood on thy shanks,  
 Of modish mein, and dight fu' braw,  
 In true masonic plummet law ;  
 And fear not kelpie's risive scorn,  
 No wight that touts the reaming horn,  
 Shall e'er be drown'd or break his neck,  
 Whose genii shall his life protect.  
 To Dryads and to bards are given  
 The second sight—the boon of heaven.”

Thus spoke, and silence then ensu'd ;  
 On turning round a form they view'd,  
 With skin as white as snawy drift,  
 The fairest form aneath the lift ;  
 Her cheeks were of a rosy hue,  
 Which on her neck a radiance threw ;

Her diamond eyes excelled far  
 The lustre of the evening star ;  
 Her raven locks with graceful ease  
 Mov'd to the gentle infant breeze ;  
 A wreath of flow'rs adorn'd her brow ;  
 Her snood, a band of velvet blue ;  
 A golden zone her middle bound ;  
 Her silken robe flow'd on the ground ;  
 The ivy lac'd her sandals sheen,  
 Fram'd from the rind of holly green.  
 And as they minted her to greet,  
 She then began a swift retreat ;  
 In vain their eyes her steps pursue,  
 The copse-wood hid her from their view ;  
 Thus left alone, their way explore  
 To Elliock's splendid lofty bower.



## A TURKISH TALE,

IN TWO CANTOS.



### Canto I.

'Neath a hot sultry sun, on a green flow'ry plain,  
 The Tripolitan host met the fierce Algerine,  
 The turbaned warriors, in martial array,  
 Shone, refulgently shone, to the God of the day.

At every new movement their blue sabres gleaming,  
 And cool fanning breeze kept their red banners stream-  
 ing,

To the far distant eye, like a thick steely wood,  
 Their hearts, like their sabres, are thirsting for blood.

The signal for carnage was mutually sounded,  
 The hoarse hollow war-note the pure ether wounded,  
 Each army rush'd forward, proud victory seeking,  
 Till sabres, erst shining, were stained and reeking.  
 O'er the dreadful attack, o'er the blood streaming fray,  
 Gentle muse draw a veil, and let fancy pourtray.  
 Like winds, when contending, the chieftains engaged,  
 And fought like two armies for freedom enraged;  
 When a youth, at a distance, a brave Algerine,  
 Saw his blood-cover'd sire fall flat on the plain;  
 He rush'd to avenge him, but, weak the essay,  
 By his vanquish'd companions he's hurry'd away;  
 In every direction for safety they're flying,  
 And none left behind but the wounded and dying.  
 Then eyeing the sun, he emitted this prayer:  
 "From thy rise to thy setting, I'll follow the slayer  
 Of my much-lov'd sire; nor will I take rest  
 Till this keen thirsty weapon be bath'd in his breast."

When moons, suns, and seasons, had posted away,  
 The Tripolitan chief near the close of the day,  
 In his wanderings arriv'd where the brave Algerine  
 Had pitched his tent on a green grassy plain;

As a guest he's receiv'd, where thro' night he remain'd,  
 And, according to custom, was well entertain'd.  
 When talking of battle, when talking of danger,  
 The host soon perceiv'd, in his guest-lodged stranger,  
 The man so long sought for, who killed his sire,  
 Yet honour, strict honour, repressed his ire.  
 Then he called a slave, a choice slave of his own,  
 Who conducted the guest to a couch made of down:  
 The host, too, retired, but not unto rest,  
 For a tumult of passions burnt keen in his breast.  
 " Why sleepeth my sabre the scabbard intil,  
 When my dear father's slayer's so much at my will?  
 On the tent-cover'd pillow he's now sleeping sound,  
 But ere long he shall sleep in a sleep more profound,  
 When his body's transpierced, and nail'd to the ground;  
 But be hush, ye wild passions, let calm reason rule!  
 Should my knighthood be stain'd by an action so foul!  
 I will wait till the sun his day's journey renew,  
 'Neath his beams he may flee, but I'll hotly pursue."

### Canto II.

Soon as the light stream'd from the east,  
 The wakeful host assail'd his guest,  
 And when he had his slumbers broke,  
 To this effect he to him spoke:  
 " From your relation plain I see  
 My father's foeman full in thee,



And I have made a solemn vow  
 My father's slayer to pursue  
 From rising sun until that he  
 Shall sink beneath the western sea.  
 Some minutes yet must roll away,  
 Before his beams can cheer the day ;  
 My fleetest steed stands ready by,  
 Haste up ! haste on ! ho ! quickly fly.  
 Another steed at my command,  
 My slave is holding in his hand,  
 Soon as the sun appears in view,  
 Swift as the roe I will pursue !  
 If I o'ertake, thou'lt quickly feel  
 The dint of my avenging steel."

The guest uprose, the steed bestrode,  
 And scour'd along the pathless road,  
 The height he pass'd ; some minutes flew  
 Before the host appear'd in view ;  
 His charger fled as fleet's the wind,  
 But fleeter flew the steed behind.  
 They scour'd the plain, they pass'd the wood,  
 They clamb the hill, they swam the flood ;  
 The one is urg'd by dread of harm,  
 While vengeance nerves the other's arm,  
 And when the day was nearly spent,  
 The foremost spied his brethren's tent,  
 Their shining spears seem'd in a blaze  
 From Sol's declining golden rays.



Oh help! Oh help! he cry'd aloud,  
 He who pursues would shed my blood;  
 His spear's uprear'd to take my life!  
 To end the chace, and vengeful strife,  
 They clos'd him round—it clos'd the scene,  
 And so defeat the Algerine.

The moral of this tale may show  
 Our days are number'd here below.

---

### SENTIMENT,

*Spoken extempore, in a public company, on his Majesty's return  
 from Ireland, 1821.*

---

From Erin's fam'd land, may our Sovereign wi' speed  
 Be now wafted o'er, since disloyalty's dead,  
 Thro' Neptune's dominions, with a wind fair and full  
 Till he land on the shore of his native John Bull.

Brave Donald and Sandy, may the lot next be yours,  
 To greet your lov'd King at Edina's high tow'rs,  
 By such marks of affection—a wise nation's choice,—  
 Cause the heart of their King and his people rejoice.

THE  
LAMENTATION, DEATH, & DYING WORDS  
OF A BLACK-FACED MOUNTAIN EWE,

*Sent the Author, by way of mart, from Mr W——.*

---

Ohon ! alas ! what now I dree,  
They've firmly tied my trotters three ;  
O wad some butcher set me free  
O' pain and strife,  
And finish a' that troubles me  
In mortal life.

Life's early morn and youth were spent  
In frisking o'er the flow'ry bent,  
My pasture rich, gave sweet content,  
And joy, and ease ;  
With pain and sorrow unacquaint,  
I spent my days.

In simmer drought, the siller rill  
That todelt 'neath my pasture hill,  
Thereat I've aften drank my fill,  
Wi' mony mae,  
Then moopt or basked at our will  
On sunny brae.

I never ran frae fell to fell ;  
The flower, the heath, the heather bell,

I nipt, wi' cronies like mysel',  
                                 Wha hated thievin';  
 As shepherd W—— weel can tell,  
                                 We sought our leavin'.

To help to pay his Grace's rent,  
 I've daughters three upon the bent,  
 My sons, as many aff were sent  
                                 For sale I trow;  
 Our fleeces white, their aid have lent  
                                 To packs o' woo.

Yet after a', the fient may care,  
 They drove me south, I know na where,  
 My daily food and nightly lair  
                                 A turnip field,  
 A flaiiky fauld, and naething mair,  
                                 Was a' my beild.

'Twas then I thought, but thought in vain,  
 Upon my native hill and plain,  
 Sair drookit wi' the dribblin' rain,  
                                 My restless mind  
 Has trac'd the pleasures o'er again  
                                 I left behind.

The other day, a chiel thought meet,  
 Wi' tauchy cord to tie my feet,  
 My feckless heartie 'gan to beat  
                                 Wi' pain and grievin',

Thinks I, I'm destin'd now for meat,  
Or belly steavin'.

A rustic rude, with look alert,  
High heav'd me on a laden cart,  
At every shog I felt the smart  
O' grief and pain,  
Mair than a ewie can impart  
By bleat or grane.

Like erring man, my days are short,  
Toss'd here and there, we're fortune's sport,  
But soon I'll to the goal resort,  
Will end the strife ;  
Without a tear or keen retort,  
I'll yield my life.

Her race was run, and death her lot,  
The butcher shed her woolly coat,  
Syne rudely bar'd her yielding throat,  
And, strange to tell,  
Faintly, alas! these words she got,  
“ Farewell, farewell !”



#### LINES

*On calling up a Young Man to the Plough on a fine May morning.*

Young Thomas, wake ! the early lark  
Now calls thee forth to mind thy wark,

And sleep hath strung thy nerves for toil,  
 So yoke the plough and till the soil.  
 Haste to the field, my lad, and taste  
 The sweets which rest on Nature's breast.

---

LINES

*Addressed to a Young Woman, on her being admitted a Member  
 of Christ's visible Church, by Baptism, at the age of 16.*

---

I greet thee, sister in the Lord !  
 Who can his ways or workings trace,  
 Who by his spirit and his word,  
 Hath caus'd thee feel his sovereign grace.

Give glory to the God above,  
 Who sent his Son mankind to save ;  
 This epithet, that " God is love,"  
 Let faith upon thy soul engrave.

Give also glory to the Son,  
 Who left his Father's throne on high,  
 Our frame and nature to put on,  
 That he might suffer, bleed, and die.

What law and justice could demand,  
 He's fully paid, us to restore  
 To favour—and at God's right hand  
 He reigns a Prince for evermore.

From thence our ever-living head  
 His spirit on the church doth pour,  
 To influence our hearts, and shed  
 His love abroad, in saving power.

Great is the grace he hath in store,  
 Which to his people here is given ;  
 Faith, by the Spirit's mighty pow'r,  
 Confirms our charter-right to heaven.

'Tho' vice should spread her gilded charm,  
 Alluring only to destroy ;  
 The Lord, by his Almighty arm,  
 Will keep thy heart from all annoy.

O trust his arm and power divine,  
 The gifts of promise in his word ;  
 To's precepts still thy heart incline—  
 They lack no good who seek the Lord

Pray that your brethren far and near  
 Like you may also find a place  
 Within his holy temple here.  
 The sons and daughters of his grace.

O mind those admonitions meet ;  
 Remember thy baptismal vow ;  
 Keep earth's allurements 'neath thy feet,  
 And heaven always in thy view.

And when we've run our Christian race,  
 We'll meet upon a happier shore,  
 Behold our Saviour face to face,  
 And sing his glories evermore.



### LINES

*On witnessing the Death of a beloved Child.*

How wan thy late red rosy cheek!  
 Thy lips, how pale are they!  
 Thy lovely eyes, now set in death,  
 A thousand things could say.

Now loosed is the silver chord,  
 The wheel hath ceas'd to move,  
 The bowl is broke, the spirit's fled  
 To brighter worlds above.

Thy prattling tongue, alas! is mute,  
 Such pleasing accents gave;  
 Soon must thou mix with kindred clay,  
 And fill an early grave.

Around thy couch the mourners stand,  
 And shed the briny tear,  
 Until thy parents far exceed,  
 By nature, doubly dear.



And whilst thy weeping parents gaze  
 On thy once lovely face,  
 Perhaps thy hovering spirit waits  
 To see their last embrace.

And whilst thy clay cold body's wrapt  
 In shroud of linen white,  
 Thy better part we hope's array'd  
 In robes of spotless light.

Then with angelic messengers,  
 On wing thou glid'st along,  
 Unto the palace of the King,  
 To join the blessed throng.

If friends and parents might behold  
 Thy great felicity,  
 They would not grudge thy absence here,  
 But long to be with thee.

Our sand of life will soon expend,  
 And mix us with the clay,  
 When friends in Christ will meet above,  
 And swell the glorious lay.

LAMENT FOR WILLIAM JOHNSTONE  
OF ROUNDSTONEFOOT.

*Humbly inscribed to Capt. Johnstone and Sisters.*

---

A simple bardie wander'd forth  
To view pale Cynthia's silver beam,  
Now verging near the Yochan heights,  
Play'd on sweet Nitha's crystal stream;  
The distant wood in silver dight,  
The breckans wav'd like yellow corn,  
The river's murmur on the breeze,  
Sped up the vale to Corsincone.

Far on the heath, the fleecy flock  
Seem'd like a lonely wreath of snow;  
Bedown the vale, in nightly fold,  
The cattle had forgot to low;  
The leaf was falling from the ash,  
The birk assum'd a wannish hue,  
The moon-beam, glittering on the leaves,  
Seem'd hoary locks now wet with dew.

The hoolet hoo'd from hollow tree,  
Mair eerie by the hum of night;  
The bard began to moralize  
On what now pass'd before his sight;  
The whitish leaf resembles age,  
The fallen brown the tyrant's sway,  
The drops o' dew, the tribute tear  
Shed over life deserted clay.

The morn of youth, the flow'ry spring ;  
 The fervid summer, manhood bright ;  
 The harvest grain, time's bleached locks ;  
 Stern winter, death's long cheerless night,  
 Thus musing, slowly home he sped,  
 To yonder cot upon the lea,  
 When lo ! he heard the voice of woe  
 Beneath an aged thorny tree.

On drawing near the spot, he found  
 A matron grey, with grief oppress'd ;  
 Unto his queries thus reply'd,  
 To ease the sorrows of her breast :  
 A loving husband bless'd my lot,  
 By death bereft some years ago,  
 And left me to bewail my fate,  
 A weary pilgrim here below.

My sympathizing master, kind,  
 Oft eas'd the weeping widow's grief ;  
 His counsels sage, like healing balm,  
 Were poured in to my relief ;  
 My cow bath with his cattle graz'd  
 Upon the daisied flow'ry lea ;  
 No rent, throughout my widowhood,  
 Save gratitude, was paid by me.

The humble suppliants never told  
 Their tale in vain, of deep distress ;

His sympathetic soul was touch'd,  
 And still reliev'd them more or less :  
 His generous spouse oft lent her aid  
 Unto the houseless, helpless poor,  
 Who pray'd for blessings on their head,  
 While drawing from the open door.

The vagrant train here found relief  
 Whom vice and folly led astray ;  
 Whilst Charity her hand extends,  
 Wisdom points fair Virtue's way.  
 The sons of Neptune and of Mars  
 Became alike their special care ;  
 The bulwarks of fair Scotia's isle,  
 Her feeling children's bounty share.

First in the train, his offspring dight  
 In sable weeds, with heart sincere,  
 The throbbing breast, the bitter sigh,  
 The filial tributary tear.  
 And Friendship, too, may join the wail  
 For him so lately gone before,  
 Her chords ne'er held a firmer tie,  
 Nor twisted round a warmer core.

Now cease to grieve, thou matron grey,  
 The widow's husband lives on high,  
 The father of the fatherless  
 Looks down with a propitious eye :

The friend who clingeth closer far  
 Than ever brother could before,  
 Will guide thee through the Jordan deep,  
 And land thee on fair Canaan's shore.



### SANQUHAR'S LAMENT

*For the loss of their Pastor, the Rev. Mr R.*

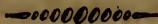
Our Pastor's gone, his glass is run,  
 And dead to all beneath the sun ;  
 The heav'n-born soul ascends to glore,  
 To worship still, and still adore.  
 No more his spouse and children dear,  
 Can hear his morn and evening prayer,  
 To whom so large a gift was given,  
 Life's circle lines met all in heaven.

No more the word he will divide  
 Unto his congregation wide :  
 These to restrain from folly's path—  
 'Those to build up in holy faith.  
 Instructed well in heavenly lore,  
 He shew'd the way he trode before,  
 And led them in the narrow road,  
 That leads through Jesus Christ to God.

His action sermons comfort shed,  
 In blessing of symbolic bread ;

The accents from his lips then fell,  
 But few could equal, few excel;  
 Deep silence reign'd these words to hear,  
 The drooping soul they well might cheer,  
 The wavering, by divine behest  
 And faith, became a welcome guest.

Now fled, now fled from us away,  
 He basks in everlasting day,  
 Where no dark cloud can intervene,  
 To veil the beatific scene:—  
 O may his flock around him throng  
 And join the high seraphic song;  
 New glories beat the heavenly flame,—  
 Redeeming love's an endless theme.



# AN ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MRS ———,

Now smiling Spring all Nature's face renews,  
 The lily opes its bosom to the dews,  
 Again the woods are clad in foliage green,  
 The tuneful tribes enhance th' enlivening scene,

The milk-white hawthorn blooms bedown the vale,  
 Adorns my evening walk, and scents the gale;  
 Fair Nature spreads her carpet 'neath my feet,  
 And flow'rets wild my ravish'd senses greet.

As on sweet Nitha's banks I often rove,  
 In contemplation wrapt, and tender love,  
 Behold yon silver orbs so brightly shine,  
 And in their motions trace the hand divine.

Or if my lovely \*\*\*\*\* with me stray,  
 Each scene can please, and all is doubly gay ;  
 The daisy'd mead, the blossom scented breeze,  
 The silver moon-beam chequ'ring through the trees ;

The river's murmur on the breezes swell,  
 Ascends the stream, and dies along the hill ;  
 The breeze succeeding breeze, such joys impart  
 As charm the ear, and captivate the heart.

Of all the flow'rs that in life's walk appear,  
 The choicest flow'r's my lovely \*\*\*\*\* dear ;  
 We lov'd—we wed—swift fled the raptur'd hours,  
 None happier were, save those in Eden's bow'rs.

As frosts in spring oft nipt with chilly breath,  
 My flow'r was blighted by the blast of death,  
 All in her prime, she quickly disappears,  
 And left me mourning in this vale of tears.

Ten short-liv'd months had quickly o'er us flown,  
 When she in travail brought me forth a son ;  
 Dead to the feelings of a mother's joy,  
 Liv'd twice eight days, and left her darling boy.



Whilst I lament, one ray of comfort gleams,  
 My child the image of his mother seems,  
 I gaze with rapture on his infant charms,  
 And feast my sight, till all my bosom warms.

Dear, smiling babe, how tranquil thou remain'st,  
 Unconscious of the loss thou now sustain'st;  
 In the cold arms of death thy mother sleeps,  
 Whilst thy dejected father o'er thee weeps.

Thou, who art love itself, from heaven look down,  
 Console the father, guide the infant son;  
 For His dear sake who died upon the tree,  
 Let all our wellsprings ever be in thee.

Cease, mourner, cease, dry up the falling tears,  
 In yonder radiant cloud a band appears  
 Arrayed in light, the sky with music rings,  
 Amongst the throng thy mate a seraph sings.

Why heaves thy lab'ring breast with bitter woe,  
 Then cease those drops which unavailing flow;  
 The sacred page, to be thy guide is given,  
 In life's dark maze, to point the path to heaven.

Let resignation's bolt fast bar the gate  
 Of discontent—the time appointed wait;  
 Fight like a Christian soldier, brave and true,  
 Immortal honours shall surround thy brow.

Thy armour laid aside, all, all but love,  
 Then join thy mate in yonder throng above,  
 With saints and angels swell the glorious lay  
 Throughout the round of everlasting day.



EPICEDIUM ON MISS E—— W——.

“ ’Tis virtue only triumphs o’er the tomb.”

The fairest flow’r on Nitha’s dale  
 Lies blighted, pale in ruddy bloom,  
 And friends unfeignedly bewail  
 Her fate, who fills an early tomb;  
 Whilst fair associates, whom she mov’d among,  
 Repeat her spotless virtues in a song.

Nor grandeur gay, nor wealth, nor beauty,  
 Nor manners mild—stern death could sway;  
 Sincerity, nor filial duty,  
 Could here procure a longer stay;  
 For sure fair virtue’s robe the Pow’rs require  
 Of those preferr’d to strike the golden lyre.

Dear sainted shade, was it thy choice  
 To leave this lonely vale of tears,  
 With kindred spirits to rejoice  
 Throughout an endless round of years?  
 Or dost thou from the height of glory know  
 And view, well-pleas’d, the virtuous here below?

Ye guardian angels, did ye claim  
 Her hence, to shine a brighter star  
 Within your courts t' obtain a name  
 Better than sons and daughters far?  
 Or did ye grudge her beauteous mortal clay,  
 By death defac'd, and from us rest away?

That weeping friends their loss may brook,  
 O! grant them consolation's balm,  
 And faith beyond this vale to look,  
 The poignant grief within to calm.  
 One glimpse, I ween, of that celestial glore,  
 Would banish discontent for evermore.

A few more suns, perhaps, may roll,  
 When friends in Christ again shall meet,  
 Obtain at length the wish'd-for goal,  
 And triumph in a joy complete.  
 Thou great I AM, O grant thy heav'nly ray,  
 The sure presage of that eternal day!



### PRESBYTERIAN DREAM.

When bright beaming Phœbus had closed his eye,  
 And night had unfurled her flag in the sky,  
 An old presbyterian, slow, sad, and alone,  
 Went to muse on the days and the years that are gone.

To the Temple of Sanquhar his steps were inclin'd,  
 When the tidings of joy rushed full on his mind,  
 He'd heard from the rostrum of late and of yore,  
 And now from that place he would hear them no more.

Though pleasing thy servants and people of old,  
 Condemn'd by their offspring for faults to be told,  
 Of space over scanty, long, darksome, and narrow,  
 Destruction awaits thee--commences to-morrow.

How often in manhood, how often in youth,  
 In thy hallow'd fane I have listen'd the truth;  
 Oh! had they but spar'd thee a space very small,  
 I had slept with my fathers, nor witness'd thy fall.

What, tho' a new Temple, capacious and grand,  
 On part of thy basis, yet shortly may stand,  
 Where masons, and joiners, and artizan's may  
 Bedeck it with pillars and canopies gay;—  
 But when will such gewgaws compare with thy walls,  
 In hot persecution withstood cannon balls?  
 With the next rising sun thou'lt be rent and be torn,  
 Where many a soul unto Sion's been born.

Thus ending his speech, he advanc'd to the door  
 By which he had enter'd so often before;  
 On calling and knocking, no entrance he found,  
 For silence there reigned, a silence profound;  
 In grief-swollen thought, round the church bent his way  
 O'er the ashes of those who lay slumbering in clay.

No voice could be heard save the voice of the breeze  
 That stirr'd the young leaves of the old beechen trees,  
 Still hoping, expecting some omen to spy,  
 Directed his view to the star-spangled sky ;  
 The half-waned moon in a cloud nearly lost,  
 Shot long feeble rays like a dim sheeted ghost ;  
 Thro' the thick branchy trees, on the wall they shone  
 forth,  
 There flitting and fighting, like lights in the north,  
 Which, viewing with pleasure, then homewards he strode,  
 To rest his frail limbs in his wonted abode.

Tho' his age-wearied frame to the couch he resign'd,  
 Yet who can upbriale the flights of the mind ;  
 On the fleet wing of fancy, new objects to trace,  
 It skimmeth through regions of unbounded space ;  
 Or station'd, as here, yet how busily teem  
 From the mint of the brain, in the subsequent dream.

From his former lov'd station about to retire  
 He perceiv'd in the east a large globe of fire ;  
 Its dazzling radiance, what pen can unfold ?  
 Outshining, in splendour, the burnished gold ;  
 The stars, from its lustre, began to decay,  
 They twinkled, they shrunk, and they vanish'd away.  
 Not long had he looked and look'd in amaze,  
 It began for to move and emitted a blaze,  
 Illumin'd the earth, while it whizz'd in the air,  
 And towards the gazer made rapid repair ;



Still brighter and louder, in gradual descension,  
 'Till lost to his view, from the kirk's intervention.—  
 Here wonder on wonder his senses arrest,  
 'Twas the sound of such music afar in the east;  
 So sweet and melodious, so soft and so slow,  
 As never was heard by a mortal below.  
 Perhaps 'twas a band of the heavenly choir  
 That well could the soul of devotion inspire;  
 And if his ideas he only could trust,  
 Their harps were attun'd to the song of the just;  
 On earth's finest music he thought with a sigh,  
 Outvied so far by the song of the sky;  
 Still swelling and thrilling, as nearer it came,  
 His bosom, on fire, burst out in a flame;  
 O'erpowered with joy, there appear'd to his sight,  
 The sweet singing choir, arrayed in light,  
 Aloof in the air, that but faintly he scans,  
 Their crowns on their heads, and their harps in their hands.

On nearing his station, he plain could behold  
 The fingers that stray'd o'er the harps of pure gold;  
 But, all on a sudden, they ceased to play,  
 And the heart-melting music died softly away:  
 Then one of the choir the gazer address'd,  
 And, as he stood listening, the saint thus express'd,  
 "In death's dreary mansions tho' lowly we lie,  
 Our spirits are serving JEHOVAH on high,  
 Save when we descend from the Temple above,  
 In errands of mercy—in errands of love;

In dreams and in visions we often arrest  
 The rude ruling passions which harass the breast ;  
 Their hearts, newly moulded, to God fleetly soar,  
 So sweetly constrain'd in a day of his power,  
 The Lord, by his servants, his people will guide  
 By green gospel pastures, where smooth waters glide ;  
 And in this new Temple thou seemest to mourn,  
 Shall many a soul unto Sion be born."  
 Three times round the Temple successive they flew,  
 Then, hovering above it, they slowly withdrew,  
 His eye keenly tracing their long robes of light,  
 Till lost in the ether, till lost to his sight ;  
 Yet still he stood gazing, and listening to hear,  
 While the far distant music dies soft on the ear.  
 To the Palace above they sing and they soar,  
 He thought that he heard when he heard them no more ;  
 Then wish'd for the wings that might bear him away,  
 But's flight was restrain'd by a body of clay.

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### LINES,

Occasioned by James Glencairn Burns requesting a quart bottle of the  
 Punch drunk at his Father's anniversary birth-day club, and to  
 forward the same to Calcutta by the earliest opportunity.

---

Far, far from auld Scotia, in armour array'd,  
 Where a more potent sun sheds his rays on thy head,  
 Where herbs, fruits, and flowers luxuriantly grow,  
 Where there's no hills of heather, nor mountains of snow ;



Where a hot sun's exhaling the bright morning dew,  
 Yet his heat so intense, hath no power over you,  
 Since the dew of affection hath bathed thy breast,  
 Which for sire and country with time hath increas'd.

Hail, hail to thy fancy, that a view can afford  
 Of the Poet's warm friends, round the daintith clad board,  
 Yet the best of the dishes, and fairest to view,  
 Is a Haggis distilling the bead amber dew.

And hail to the bowl when it's brimfull of toddy,  
 It brightens the wit and enlivens the body ;  
 Then each true hearted member his finger upturns,  
 And quaffs off a bumper to the memory of Burns.

In the dark weeds of woe, still thy mother is clad,  
 In the Poet, bewailing her husband long dead,  
 Whilst associate ladies, in kindness, bestow  
 Sweet sympathy's balm to soften her woe.

No wonder, brave youth, as a true Burnian stem,  
 'That thou crav'st as a boon a full quart of the same,  
 With thy friends to partake it, how vast are the odds,  
 O'er the fabled Nectar, the drink of the gods.

When friends, kin, and country, in fancy's bright eye,  
 Like the waves of old ocean, incessant roll by  
 The woods and the mountains, the rivers and plains,  
 Endear'd to thy bosom, by thy sire's soft strains.

O thoughts ever cheering, that allude to the day  
 Of the soldier's return, all these scenes to survey,  
 To the arms of thy country, thy friends, and thy wife,—  
 And fame sheds a halo on the evening of life.

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### EPITAPHS.

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#### ON A BREWER.

My browst is brenn, my yill is drunk,  
 My barrel lies in cellar dunk,  
 Whose wooden walls to ruin must,  
 And barrel moulder down to dust.

But when auld Time slides out of view,  
 Each barrel then will be made new;  
 Tho' they since Adam's days had lain,  
 They'll all be filled with yill again.

---

#### ON A BLACKSMITH,

*Who died suddenly.*

My sounding anvil now is mute,  
 My tools they all lie here and there,  
 My bellows breathless, fire gone out,  
 Which ends life's toil and weary care.

## ON A DEBAUCHEE.

Here lies the debauchee, by vice o'erthrown,  
 Cut off in ripen'd manhood's ruddy bloom;  
 To human view not half his days had flown,  
 When torn from pleasure's lap to fill the tomb.

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## ON MR J——

The ae best friend, the friend of truth,  
 The staff of age, the stay of youth,  
 The sacred page his only guide,  
 ' His failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

---

## ON MR B——

Lo! in this narrow spot, there lies interr'd  
 The husband, father, and the friend rever'd,  
 To God resign'd;—on wings of faith and love  
 His soul took flight, to brighter worlds above.

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## ON A YOUNG LADY.

Boast not of beauty, nor of wealth,  
 Of grandeur great, which many prize,  
 Of ruddy vigour, nor of health,  
 At Death's chill breath the flow'ret dies.

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## ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

The loving husband, and the parent kind,  
 A friend to virtue and to vice a foe,  
 An honest man, not sordidly inclin'd,  
 By death's all levelling hand here lieth low.

## ON A CHILD.

Sublunar loans, lent for a day,  
 The Lord at pleasure calls away,  
 Nor should we fret beneath the rod,  
 Since children are made heirs of God,  
 Before his throne they're crown'd with bays,  
 And tune their harps in mercy's praise.



## THE AGREEABLE MISTAKE.

Damon had his couch forsaken  
 Air asteer, he stept frae hame,  
 In merry August, up to waken  
 A friend to take the hained game.

Whether now by fate he's erring,  
 Or some spirit inly led,  
 The right unto the left preferring,  
 Burst upon his charmer's bed.

Saftly sweet and sound she's sleeping,  
 Naething now to gi'e alarms,  
 Little kens she wha is keeping  
 Watch owre a' her killing charms.

A' ye muircocks, paitricks, plovers,  
 Ye may birr the heath alang,  
 Damon owre a pout now hovers,  
 Gars him sing anither sang.

As he view'd the lovely creature,  
 Blooming like a spotless bride,  
 Beauty shone in every feature,  
 Love had nearly stept aside.

Shall I now embrace my dearie,  
 Round her neck my arms entwine,  
 Reason whispers, O be wary,  
 Or for ay her favour tine.

Frae her ruby lips are streaming  
 Words half formed, and quickly gone,  
 Aiblens of myself she's dreaming,  
 Faintly utters, dear Damon.

If her fancy should get higher,  
 She may wake and gaze on me ;  
 Softly now I maun retire,  
 'Tho' ahin my heart I lea'.

Ye gods wha rule the fate a' mortals,  
 Mete to ilka ane their share,  
 Frae your high ha' keek thro' the portals,  
 Grant me Sue, I'll ask nae mair.

# WALLACE'S MARTIAL SUCCESS, AND ACCIDENTAL GRATIFICATION.

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*"A Tale of the times of old."*—OSSIAN.

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When Edward's perfidy enslav'd the land,  
 And Scotland's King unto him homage gave,  
 Sir William Wallace for her rights did stand,  
 In freedom's cause drew forth the glittering glave;  
 His native soil from tyranny to save,  
 He almost single-handed took the field;  
 Tho' few his men, yet Scottish heroes brave,  
 The Southron, at Dumbarton, made to yield,  
 Th' Omnipotence himself was their defence and shield.

But to reflect on Stirling's stately tow'rs  
 And Stirling bridge, how many Southrons fell!  
 Here England yields to a few Scottish pow'rs,  
 And there, their blood the crystal currents swell;  
 Their leagu'd surviving brethren faint and fail,  
 Their golden dragon and their armour threw  
 Upon the ground, again ne'er to assail  
 Auld Scotia, nor her free-born sons subdue,  
 And by the god of armies pledg'd them to be true.

The due arrangement with the prisoners made,  
 The Scottish troops the vanquish'd to convey  
 On horse, on foot, in burning armour clad,  
 From Stirling they homeward bend their way.



But oh! the horror and the wild dismay,  
 Many a fabric fair in ashes laid;  
 Their owner's property become a prey,  
 Even caves a shelter for their houseless head,  
 From whence they sally, and on Wallace cry for bread.

Thus spoke the hero to his soldiers brave—  
 “This scene, affecting, wrings my very heart;  
 With your consent our brethren to relieve,  
 This day's provision we'll to them impart.”  
 Their roused feelings sprung with joy alert,  
 Their hungry, houseless exiles to supply;  
 And as the generous army from them part,  
 “God speed brave Wallace!” earnestly they cry,  
 “To stem invasion's tide, and save his country.”

The prisoners tread once more their native soil,  
 Wives, sisters, lovers, glad their own to see,  
 The English tables groan with roast and boil,  
 To feast the Scottish Chiefs and soldiery;  
 Yet while they feast, they mind the penury  
 Of plunder'd Scots, immur'd in lonely cell;  
 Them to supply with English harvest free,  
 They make the Scottish granaries to swell,  
 'Gainst coming winter storms, and coming want more fell.

Let no brave Scotsman heave a sigh or moan!  
 Behold yon conquering army's mighty load,  
 With English wheat the waggon axles groan,  
 And, as they shog, deep rut the rugged road.

The vanguard helmets now majestic nod,

As to the Scottish castles home they pass,

There to take up the winter's bein abode,

While Wallace takes his rout by Lord-loch-awe's,

And other northern Chiefs, embark'd in freedom's cause.

And at his Lordship's, round the festive board,

The Scottish Nobles cheerfully repair,

December's latest hour with one accord

To spend, and welcome in the coming year ;

Wine, mirth, and beauty now beguile their care ;

Whilst Donald screws his pipes with tuneful glee,

The well-try'd heroes mingle with the fair

Upon the floor, to fit it merrily,

Whilst eild sits at the bowl, well pleas'd gay youth to see,

The Regent Wallace, now o'ercome with grief,

In scenes of merriment could ill partake ;

In solitude he sought to find relief,

Upon the margin of a crystal lake,

To Elderslie and Marion all awake;

The dinsome bagpipes still offend his ear,

Which to avoid, he kept his onward walk,

Where gusty winds the sound might cease to bear,

For scenes of other days in fancy's eye appear,

Tenacious mem'ry harrows up his soul

Like swollen river, sweeping all amain ;

Mocking the feeble efforts of control,

Paints his lovely Marion basely slain

By Hazlerigg, in ruthless proud disdain,  
 Who drew his sword and pierc'd her bosom fair;  
 And, on its point to dye a deeper stain,  
 Wallace the traitor slew in wild despair—  
 Next Scotia's welfare occupies his care.

Still pressing on, he climbs the heathy height  
 Which overlooks Ben-crauchan's pleasant vale,  
 While drifting clouds exclude the cheering light,  
 By turns emitting snow and sleety hail;  
 Yet nought to stay his progress could prevail,  
 Till with young Archibald coming in contact,  
 In course, the weaker of the two must fail,  
 The shepherd's sprawling laid upon his back,  
 And each now blames the drift for this unseen attack.

Uprear'd on Wallace's arm, so hang the youth,  
 And thus began his story to relate,  
 From heart sincere pour'd out the naked truth,  
 He at a neighbour's had been dancing late,  
 With a sweet lass who soon should be his mate,  
 Their interests blent by Hymen's silken band,  
 Since Wallace had the Southron defeat,  
 And of the maundering loons had rid the land;  
 But please step on, my father's cot is near at hand.

What made me run so fiercely through the drift,  
 Was to complete my father's family,  
 And lend the new-year's morning hymn a lift.  
 But hark! they hear the sound of melody,

The artless notes beget a holy joy ;

While to the humble roof they're drawing near,  
The door, unlatch'd, spontaneous springs ajeer,

Then in the solemn hymn a part they bear :  
To Him who sees the heart, is such devotion dear,

On bended knees, and hands uplift to heav'n,

The hoary sire prays most fervently  
To Him, his well-beloved Son has given,

To expiate our guilt upon the tree,  
From its condemning pow'r to set us free,  
And re-engrave God's image on the soul ;  
His word and spirit should our guidance be,

Our stubborn wayward passions to controul,  
Till we by active faith should gain the heav'nly goal.

“ O Thou, who metest out for men below

What best befits them in this vale of tears,  
Thou, that alone in mercy doth bestow

Their habitation's bound, and length of years,  
And still to them their native soil endears,

When cruel crafty foes would them enthrall—  
I bless thy name that thou hast heard my pray'rs,

And out of love, our enemies scatter'd all,  
Who thought to tyrannise, and plotted our downfall.”

Thus having pray'd, concluded with Amen,

The knee unbent, uprose the holy sire,  
Archibald invites the drookit stranger ben,  
To warm and dry him at the bleezing fire ;

The goodwife syne his dreepin' plaid require,  
 And wrung't half dry, and hang it o'er a chair ;  
 While Jeany's lily hand forgets to tire,  
 In rubbing dry the stranger's golden hair :  
 Thus done, the family round the humble board repair.

The simple soup just reeking from the pot,  
 The crumpie bannocks which the good dame bakes,  
 A tasty cheese aye annually they got,  
 With a large basket of good oaten cakes—  
 And of this cheer each heartily partakes ;  
 The goodman press'd the stranger not to spare :  
 Our best on New-year's morn, the goodwife makes,  
 Mean though it be, ye're welcome to a share,  
 And Lord-loch-awe, with all his giving, ca'nt give mair.

The board withdrawn, around the ingle clear,  
 In a close ring, they bienly take their place,  
 The unknown stranger lends a willing ear,  
 Whilst hoary Archibald his life's steps retrace,  
 And blythe runs o'er projected marriages,  
 Of sons and daughters blown to ripen'd age—  
 Which soon would be since Wallace had brought peace,  
 And stopt the Tyrant's wild ambitious rage, [page.  
 Whose crimson'd deeds had stain'd fair England's 'storie

The goodwife talks of fairies, ghaists, and witches,  
 And sic like beings a' asteer that night ;  
 Some skim the air on rag-weed and broom switches,  
 Where wine is best, in France or Spain, alight ;



While spunkie oft decoys the drunken wight,  
 In some moss-hag gi'es him a filthy fa ;—  
 But now through wooden winnocks beams the light,  
 Which warns the time deceived guest awa'—  
 Auld Arch. would see him o'er the hill unto Loch-awe.

And reason'd thus: I might the Regent spy,  
 Since fame reports last night he should be there,  
 The sight might serve to talk of till I die.  
 "And," quoth the dame, "could I his glance but share,  
 I'd a' the yarn gi'e in the kist and mair."  
 "'Gainst witches cantrips it would be a charm,"  
 Says Jean, "gin I'd a pickle o' his hair ;  
 By a true lover's knot, my Joe I'd arm  
 Against our Southron foes, if they should seek his harm."

Behold your Regent, in this simple guise,  
 He to the wondering family made reply ;  
 The strange discovery gave them much surprise,  
 Nor deign'd their humble suits for to deny.  
 Auld Archibald gaz'd, and Janet caught his eye,  
 More condescending, lifts a pair o' shears—  
 Gave Jean a pickle o' his hair, to tie  
 To her love's breast, to fend from bloody weirs,  
 And in this firm belief evanish'd a' her fears.

In love and gratitude they cling aroun'  
 Their country's safety and their country's guard—  
 He as a father rais'd them one by one,  
 Who Scotia's children as his own regard,



And frankly with the youth his purse he shared—  
 To be their dowry on their wedding day,  
 And that the Lord might be his great reward ;  
 With brimfull eye in fervency they pray,  
 He migles tears with their's—shakes hands—and hastes  
 away.



ADVENTURE OF KING JAMES THE FIFTH,  
 IN TWO CANTOS.

—  
 Canto I.

Our royal sires thought nae shame,  
*Incognito* to stray frae hame ;  
 Their nation's weal so much they priz'd,  
 In humble peasant weeds disguis'd,  
 Left courts and camps, where flattery dwells,  
 To hear the honest rustic's tales.  
 From shepherd swain, on mountain brow,  
 Nor post, nor pension made to bow ;  
 From heart sincere, and guileless mouth,  
 Spontaneous dropt the naked truth.  
 Well pleas'd he views his fleecy charge,  
 Beneath his eye, to feed at large ;  
 If some should stray by cleugh or glen,  
 With ca're he brings them back again ;  
 Or if diseas'd—in tender love  
 He tries the evil to remove ;

Or, if the greedy reavin' todd  
 Should spill some guiltless lammie's blood;  
 Takes ways and means to catch the thief,  
 Lest he attempts a second rief.  
 The King, like to some shepherd swain,  
 O'erlooks his subjects on the plain,  
 And guides them still by wholesome laws,  
 Removes the evil in its cause;  
 Their staunchest foeman still pursue,  
 And kill the todd in Roderick Dhu.\*  
 Our preface done, now muse relate  
 A story of an ancient date:—  
 When James Fitz-James, like peasant clad,  
 Made love unto a country maid,  
 His kind addresses, not in vain,  
 She felt; she sigh'd, and lov'd again.  
 The lover's hour, how passing short,  
 That leaves them only fortune's sport,  
 Withdrawing oft the cup of joy,  
 Ere half its sweets begin to cloy;  
 Behind, the most delightful scene,  
 The basest foe may lurk unseen,  
 Close muffled in night's darksome shade,  
 Conceal his aim and thirsty blade;  
 Or, if he miss th' unwary prey,  
 Enrag'd, attacks in open day.  
 In vain the leaden god may try,  
 To seal the watchful lover's eye.

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\* A noted freebooter.—See Scott's '*Lady of the Lake*.'

At Annie's winnock, keeking through,  
 Her Joe perceives, by ingle low,  
 A stranger pree her hinny mou',  
 And to embitter mair his case,  
 She tamely meets his fond embrace.  
 Enraged quite, an oath he swore,  
 Then sought his glave, and watched the door ;  
 My happy rival soon shall feel  
 The dint of my avenging steel—  
 Before the sun can tinge the sky,  
 He sprawling on the ground shall lie.  
 The light upon the darkness bears,  
 Lo! in the east the sun appears,  
 Dispelling love's delusive dreams,  
 Like yellow hair, his golden beams,  
 Play'd on the Almond's silver streams ;  
 But James, a formal welcome guest,  
 Participates the morn's repast,  
 Before he left his night's abode,  
 And bade farewell, to take the road.  
 His disappointed mortal foe,  
 Who aim'd a deep and deadly blow ;  
 Dark and more dark his purpose grew—  
 Unto his aid four ruffians drew,  
 All to beset the stranger's way,  
 To stop his flight, and basely slay,  
 Attack'd him on the brig o' Cramond,  
 Which overspans the river Almond :

'Twas here our hero made his stand,  
 And drew his glitt'ring trusty brand;  
 No shield had he their blows to ward,  
 The narrow arch his only guard,  
 Nor dar'd to come in close contact,  
 Lest they might get behind his back;  
 Or in his side a weapon graze,  
 Syne by a thrust to end his days.  
 The clashing of their gleaming steel  
 Fell on the ear of thresher chiel,  
 Who busy in a neighbouring barn,  
 With speed the fray ran out to learn;  
 Dame Justice now became his guide,  
 In haste he joind the weaker side,  
 So fitly play'd the flingin' tree,  
 He made their swords in flinders flee,  
 Syne clank for clank out owre the croun,  
 Until the red blood trinkl'd down,  
 Each well aim'd blow he hameward sent,  
 And thresh'd them to their hearts' content;  
 Our hero too you may suppose,  
 Amang them dealt unsonsy blows;  
 By hasty flight the fivesome yield,  
 Left two the masters of the field:  
 James briefly thank'd the generous man,  
 Who to his aid so promptly ran.

"No thanks, no praise, to me are due,  
 What tho' ye'd been a Turk or Jew,

'Twas natural justice in the weir  
 That brac'd my arm and banish'd fear ;  
 But to this barn step on wi' me,  
 Where you may rest and crack a wee."

As they sat cracking on the sheaves,  
 The stranger, of the thresher, craves  
 Some water soft, without delay,  
 In bason clean, to wash away  
 The crimson'd stains of this affray,  
 Besides a towel, him to dry,  
 That naething might offend the eye ;  
 Which having got he keenly pushes,  
 To know the thresher's utmost wishes  
 Of earthly bliss, in future station,  
 And thus he faintly made confession :  
 " My highest wish, my highest meed,  
 Is to be laird of the Brachead,  
 On which I toil for daily bread."

" Gif on that score I you can serve,  
 'Tis nought but what you weel deserve,  
 Without your aid, th' unequal strife  
 Had likely ended with my life.  
 To visit Reekie, if you should,  
 Be sure to ca' at Holyrood,  
 Speer for the guidman o' Ballangeigh,  
 Ye hae nae cause to stand abeigh—  
 Pot luck wi' me you then shall share,  
 Wi' liquor good to banish care."



Thus having said, with aspect bland,  
 He kindly shook him by the hand,  
 Syne wheeling round in blythsome mood,  
 He took the gate for Holyrood.



Canto XX.

The day had clos'd his weary e'e,  
 When good Fitz-James most privately,  
 To Royal lodgings made repair,  
 Fatigu'd with travel, toil, and care.  
 Tho' thus disguis'd, the guards him knew,  
 And op'd the gate to let him thro' ;  
 The Monarch sought his wardrobe gay,  
 And sheath'd himself in fit array ;  
 For supper rang the usual bell,  
 And yaply to his meltith fell ;  
 Keen hunger gave a zest to all,  
 But seldom felt in Royal hall.

Ere he his frame to couch resign'd,  
 That day's events recall'd to mind ;  
 With anxious care his bosom wrought,  
 And out the book of records sought,  
 Wherein he found—with joy indeed—  
 That the braw mailen of Braehead,  
 By regal right, was a' his own ;  
 " And this," quoth he, " I will dispone  
 To my deliverer, thresher John."



Return, my muse, return with speed,  
 Unto the barn of the Braehead,  
 Where Johnnie ply'd the flinging tree,  
 The golden grain from straw to free;  
 His manly breast with mystery wrought,  
 And thus express'd his benmost thought:—

“ Since fickle fortune's on me smil'd,  
 I yet may be her favourite child;  
 She's brought me safely through the strife,  
 Against such odds, with limb and life;  
 To me and mine, though hid to view,  
 Her partial favours may accrue;  
 I'll try to get some orra straw,  
 And syne ask leave to get awa';  
 When our guidman's in pliant mood,  
 I long to visit Holyrood.”

Sax times the sun had cheer'd the day,  
 When Johnnie, bless'd with routh o' strae,  
 Sought of his master, steppin' roun',  
 A day's respite to see the town.  
 “ Dear master, I would happy be,  
 If you'd permission grant to me—  
 Auld Reekie's tow'rs I long to see;  
 The ferlies there, sae rare, sae rife,  
 I never saw in a' my life.”  
 To which he frankly gi'ed consent  
 John dress'd himsel', and aff he went.

With hasty step in joyous mood,  
 He soon arriv'd at Holyrood,  
 Where, without story lang or dreigh,  
 Speer'd for the guidman o' Ballangeigh.  
 The wary porter speer'd his name,  
 A little page convey'd the same  
 Unto their Royal master's ear,  
 Who straight replied, "go bring him here."  
 The bolt sand bars they soon undo,  
 From gate to gate he passed thro';  
 The Life-guards, as he onward pass'd,  
 Gave honour to the welcome guest.

In royal hall around he gaz'd,  
 In thought bewilder'd and amaz'd,  
 When good Fitz-James salutes his ears,  
 And banish'd a' his panic fears;  
 Meantime, in love his hand he shook,  
 And gave a most complaisant look;  
 "To me you're welcomer by far,  
 Than him adorn'd with string or star;  
 'Tis to your bravery in the strife,  
 I owe my welfare and my life."

The wings of time the hour drew near,  
 In royal hall the dainty cheer,  
 The cloth was spread, the feast came on,  
 The Monarch din'd with thresher John.

The muse thinks proper to forbear  
 To name each dish presented there ;  
 Yet well it might be understood,  
 They all were rich, and rare, and good ;  
 Nor will she of their drinking tell—  
 'Twas such as suited best themself.  
 Some twa-three bumpers they might ply,  
 To raise the soul of friendship high ;  
 The grand saloon they made to ring,  
 And John's as happy as the King ;  
 But last of all, and that his bliss is  
 The cope-stone of his highest wishes,  
 Mair welcome than a belt or garter,  
 Fitz-James presents him with a charter,  
 To him and his, in royal deed,  
 Unto the lands of the Braehead,  
 To moss and moor, to lea and rig ;  
 That when the King cross'd Cramond brig,  
 A ewer, towel, and a bason,  
 Should be presented by a Howatson ;  
 This was in lieu of all his lands—  
 To wash the King of Scotland's hands.

King George the Fourth had left his throne  
 To visit ancient Caledon ;  
 The royal barge, through a rough sea,  
 Arrived at the Leithan quay ;  
 And to Edina's lofty tow'rs  
 The flow'r of Scotia onward pours,

To join the royal retinue,  
 And some the cavalcade to view;  
 The splendid treat, the taste refin'd,  
 The present age will bear in mind.—  
 Among his servants in the ring,  
 A lineal Howatson serves the King,  
 Nor mode, nor form omitted none;  
 For when the royal banquet's done,  
 'The Monarch deign'd to wash his hands,  
 And Howatson still retains his lands.

The subject's done: for moral I  
 The auld Scots proverb may apply—  
 'Tis an ill wind, though rairin' loud,  
 That disna blaw somebody good.



### FLEEMING'S DREAM.

Brave Fleeming beheld, by the vision of dream,  
 Stern Edward the Longshanks, on Kirtle's clear stream,  
 Advance with his army, in battle array,  
 The bands of the Border in conflict to slay.

The Tow'r of Redhall awaits as thy pyre,  
 For Edward attacks thee with sword and with fire;  
 The merciless foemen are posting amain,  
 To crimson the war field with blood of the slain.

If thou would'st escape, to the north thou must fly,  
 Else thou and thy kinsmen are destin'd to die,  
 Under shade of some clan a while to remain,  
 Till Edward, grown weary, returns home again.

“ Away from my fancy, ye visions of night,  
 No dæmon of England shall Fleeming affright—  
 No ghost of my father's the phantom can be,  
 Advising the son of a Fleeming to flee.

When the tide of invasion had mightily swell'd,  
 By aid of the Fleemings the tide was repell'd,  
 And ere I, their descendant, from battle refrain,  
 The Kirtle\* shall sooner roll red to the main,”

The vision of fancy deserted his mind,  
 He awoke, and arose from the couch where reclin'd,  
 Assembled his kinsmen, and made them acquaint  
 With his dream, which portended some dire event.

By the Genius of Scotland, they swore, one and all,  
 “ Like Fleemings we'll fight, or like Fleemings we'll fall,  
 Our country from thralldom, from slav'ry, and chains,  
 To rescue, we'll drain the last drop in our veins.”

Nine times had revolv'd the bright lamp of day,  
 When Edward's huge army in battle array,

---

\* The Kirtle, at a small distance below Redball, empties itself into the Solway Firth.

Advanc'd on the Kirtle, their swords gleam'd afar—  
The Borderers to meet them rush on to the war.

Like lions they fought—but who could withstand,  
When Edward attack'd with so numerous a band ;  
Their kinsmen in arms, from the field fled amain,  
Where groaned the wounded, and pale lay the slain.

The over-match'd Fleemings escap'd to the Tow'r,  
Pursu'd and besieg'd by Anglesian pow'r,  
The wood of the Kirtle, in many a layer,  
They pii'd round the wall to reduce it by fire.

The pillars of smoke like a dense sable cloud,  
Envelop'd the Tow'r from the green branchy wood,  
The combustible matter within caus'd to burn—  
A pile for the Fleemings—the Tow'r for their urn.

The dread conflagration the Border shone thorough,  
The fate of the Fleemings bath'd many in sorrow  
Reduc'd with the pile\* to extirpate the name,  
But their spirits took flight on the wings of the flame.

The spring may return, and the flow'rs bud anew—  
The lily may ope its fair breast to the dew—  
The woods may rejoice in their wild warbling strain,  
But the Kirtle will mourn for her Borderers slain.

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\* The Fleemings, to the number of 30, were consumed by the fire.



The harvest may bend to the glad reaper's hand,  
 The heart of the farmer with joy may expand,  
 But the Fleeming's\* drear urn with rank grass will wave,  
 And sigh to the wind the sad fate of the brave.



### LINES

*On opening the new splendid Gothic Church of Sanquhar.*

Hail ! holy day, the first of all the seven,  
 Bestow'd on mankind as a day of rest,  
 To imitate the glorious lays of heaven,  
 And blend their anthems with the truly blest.

On wings of faith our souls would soar above  
 The grovelling scenes of this terraqueous ball,  
 And catch a spark from the great source of love,  
 Where our Immanuel reigns the All in All.

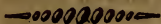
The church triumphant dwelt like us below ;  
 When time was young her song triumphant rose  
 To Him who spans the heavens with his bow,  
 And from whose love eternal mercy flows.

---

\* The Fleemings, resided in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleeming, from whom it derives its name. They rendered themselves illustrious in Scottish history, by their firm attachment to the independence of their country, and by their adherence to the Royal family of Bruce.

The Architect supreme of heav'n and earth;  
 Who led his people all the days of old,  
 To architects and pastors still gives birth,  
 To rear his temples and his word unfold.

And now, O Sanquhar! let thy heart be glad:  
 Thy hallow'd temple fair salutes the eye;  
 With saving knowledge let thy priests be clad—  
 And thine own people shout aloud for joy.



### THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

When Dominies had ceas'd to rule,  
 And playful schoolboys fled the school,  
 I royd abroad, one evening cool,  
                                 Devoid of care,  
 Along the margin of a pool,  
                                 To take the air.

The bloom bloom'd bonny on the pea—  
 The lint-bell, blue, shone bonnilie—  
 The sun was verging to the sea,  
                                 Or western main,  
 In gold arraying tow'r and tree,  
                                 And flow'ry plain.

Hard by a ruin'd castle, grey,  
 Which caught the last declining ray,

Tho' not directly in my way,  
I thither steer'd,  
When lo ! this strange soliloquy  
I overheard.

With cautious step, and silent tread,  
Towards a vaulted cell I made ;  
Dame Echo faithfully conveyed,  
By way of jeer,  
Whate'er the unseen speaker said,  
As noted here.

" Erewhile my hair, sae black and sleek,  
 Waves hoary on my skinny cheek,  
 The gusty wind, and sooty smeeke  
                                     The hoast provokes;  
 Once sturdy bearers, truth to speak,  
                                     Are sma' as rocks.

My frosty pow is waxen bald,  
My vera bluid grown thin and cauld,  
A winsome wenchie to enfauld,  
                Might cherish me,  
But then I dread her wicked scald,  
                And dearthfu' tea.

Besides a straw, and silken bonnet,  
Wi' ribbons round, and knots upon it ;  
Spring-heel'd boots, and gowns I know not  
How braw, how mony ;

Pelisses trimm'd with fur and velvet,  
                     Baith fine and bonnie.

Fate, of my parents, me bereft  
 When young—and turn'd me out adrift,  
 Upon the world's waves to shift,  
                     In open boat ;  
 To herd some years seem'd a' was left  
                     To keep afloat.

Lang I've stumpl'd o'er the furrow—  
 Lang pursu'd the pleugh and harrow—  
 Lang in Mennock glens, sae narrow,  
                     The cart I've driven ;  
 Lang ye'll seek to find my marrow,  
                     For care and savin'.

Tho' ance I was a clever chield,  
 I'm now o'erta'en by crazy eild,  
 And frae the blast mysel' to shield,  
                     I'm forc'd to jouk,  
 And pickle in the bachelor's bield,  
                     My ain pouk neuk.

My houses three I can survey,  
 Sax lums are reeking every day ;  
 For sov'reings I ha'e coup'd away  
                     Some guid bank notes—  
 The yellow gowd appears mair gay,  
                     And never rots.

The gay gowd has a thousand charms,  
 The thought o't a' my bosom warms,  
 Nae glaikit she shall fill my arms,  
                                   I'll hug my pelf;  
 A weel barr'd door a' fear disarms,  
                                   I'll lie myself.

Some fouk attack me jeeringly,  
 And tell me I should multiply  
 Upon the earth—but what care I,  
                                   In turn I taunt 'em;  
 Those that have offspring come awry,  
                                   Would rather want 'em.

Anon, anon, they'll at me speer,  
 What will ye mak' o' a' your gear,  
 Wha's nouter wife, nor son, nor heir  
                                   To leave it to;  
 My answer's pat—' O never fear,  
                                   I've heirs enou'.

The R—— P—— shall be my father,  
 His prudent spouse shall be my mother,  
 Each member shall be sister, brother,  
                                   And legatee,—  
 They're welcome to it a' thegither,  
                                   When ance I die."

Thus having will'd his goods and gear,  
 By silver Luna's light sae clear,

I saw a figure pass me near,  
His pathway keep ;  
Aiblens he might hameward steer,  
To take a sleep.

My raptur'd eye new scenes survey'd,  
A Burns or Scott could well pourtray'd,  
And as I slowly homewards stray'd,  
My gratefu' breast  
To nature's Author rev'rence paid,  
Then sunk to rest.



TO MR T—, HOLM,  
GAMEKEEPER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH  
AND QUEENSBERRY,

*On his killing game, per order, for his Majesty's table, on his arrival in Scotland.*



Round and round the Nobles thronging,  
Scotia's beauties close the ring,  
Every heart and eye is longing  
To approach their Sov'reign King.

At his levee, eager watching,  
Every look and manner bland,  
Some th' auspicious moment catching,  
To kiss their gracious Sov'reign's hand.



Ye have speel'd the braes o' honour,  
 Held to view and lasting fame,  
 To aid the treat or Royal dinner,  
 Kill'd the black and speckl'd game.

On his arrival at Edina,  
 There to grace the splendid board,  
 Array'd in all the form of shaw,  
 What our moors and heaths afford ;

Aft you've kill'd for Duke and Squire,  
 Those adorn'd in star and string,  
 Now, sportsman for a nation's Sire,  
 England, Scotland, Erin's King.

Other sportsmen may succeed you,  
 Yont the Forth and braes o' Clyde ;  
 Partial fate gi'es you the lead now,  
 Over Scotia braid and wide.

Little doubt but they'll envy ye,  
 Baith into the south and north ;  
 When, O when, will they come nigh ye  
 In killing game for George the Fourth.

Eke your pointer, much caressed,  
 No ane dares him to displease ;  
 When by length of days oppressed,  
 He may live and lie at ease.

Down the tide of time is flowing;  
 Ages that will soon be gone,  
 Some 'mang other nick-nacks showing  
 Mr T——n's favourite gun.

The vera horn that held the pouther,  
 Siller ca', and bag for game,  
 Slung around the sportsman's shouther,  
 Aften borne in triumph hame.

Lang will heath-clad lofty Louthier  
 Shed the halo o' its fame;  
 Sportsman tell a sportsman brother,  
 Here was kill'd the Royal game.



### TO MY OLD SHOES,

*In which I had travelled soliciting Subscribers, and delivering  
 the first Edition of my Poetical Volume.*

The best of friends beneath the sun,  
 Maun part when life's short race is run,  
 So you and I at last maun part,  
 Although it grieves my very heart.  
 O! could some Cork but find the way  
 To make you young, and spruce, and gay,  
 'Through life wi' you I'd gladly range,  
 Nor for the sake o' fashion change.

But whist, I hear a whisper saft :  
 Says Crispin, this would spoil the craft :  
 What would you make o' belles and beaux,  
 Who buy so many pair o' shoes,  
 Not for the wear, but for the fashion,  
 At balls and plays and op'ras dashing?  
 E'en boots throughout this happy nation,  
 Are worn by a kin kind o' station ;  
 By rich and poor, from Geordie's sel',  
 To him that tugs the steeple bell :  
 And groaning stalls, at mony a fair,  
 Wi' shoes heap'd up like common ware ;  
 Tho' unsevendal, slim, and slight,  
 They're coft by fouk wi' purses light,  
 Or light o' sense, and o'er nice  
 To pay for better shoes a price ;  
 Tho' in a month they should be done,  
 Meantime they're a new pair o' shoon.  
 The stoutest shoes that can be made,  
 Are but a drawback on the trade ;  
 Keek on their soles, and soon ye'll learn,  
 The half o' them are made o' airn,  
 Wi' clouts ahin', and clouts afore,  
 And tacketts, twa-three double score ;  
 For a' their weight, and a' their pith,  
 They're much behanden to the smith.

Thus having said, his story ended,  
 So I'll relate as pre-intended.

Some bards have sung of horse and kye,  
 Of flocks o' sheep, and things forbye;  
 Some of their coat, some of their hat,  
 And some of this, and some of that;  
 To join the hive and raise a croon,  
 I mean to sing a pair o' shoon.

Nine months are come and gone complete,  
 Sin' first ye grac'd my clumsy feet,  
 Twa thousand miles in you I've trode,  
 Owre mony an ill-shool'd rugged road;  
 Where'er dame Fortune might require,  
 I've trode the maist o' Dumfries-shire.

Nae better uppers, made o' calf,  
 Could from a hide be shapen aff;  
 Your inner soles and welts, I trow,  
 Were ne'er repaired sin' they were new;  
 Your outer soles, though good, alas!  
 Were fairly through in baith the taes,  
 When Crispin's son, a tradesman clever,  
 Soon made my shoes as good as ever.  
 Twice toepiec'd, and twice sol'd to boot,  
 This got a cap, and that a clout,  
 Wi' sparables around the toes,  
 To fend frae sad unsonsy blows.

In mirk night maist ye had to dree  
 Frae hillocks, stanes, and foul dub e'e;

Ere I could gain a lodging place  
 Ye oft were in a wofu' case:  
 Yet at the lang run, hame at last,  
 We jouk beneath the winter blast.

Be't known to all baith near and far,  
 That ye were made by A——w K——,  
 From Crispin's line descended down,  
 A laird in Sanquhar's borough town,  
 A Cork that lang has stood the test,  
 For boots and shoes the vera best.



## AN EPISTLE TO JOHN JOHNSTONE,

A BROTHER POET.

*July 12th, 1820.*

DEAR JOHNSTONE,

Lang time has your bashfu' spirit  
 Like a cloud obscur'd the light,  
 Now shine forth intrinsic merit;  
 In poetic lustre bright.

Sound, ye rocky linns o' Corrie,  
 Echo bear the notes alang,  
 Other streamlets catch the story,  
 And repeat the poet's sang.

Simmer breezes waft the sonnet  
 Over distant hill and plain,  
 Fouks exclaim, your name who know not,  
 Weels me o' his cantie strain.

Of your early subjects, Johnnie,  
 Sometimes I ha'e got a screed,  
 Doubtless now ye ha'e got mony,  
 And on mony a different head.

Your prospectus I regarded  
 With a rhyming brother's eye,  
 A' your toil will be rewarded  
 With the catter bye-and-bye.

Just applause by far is dearer,  
 Fanning bright the muse's flame,  
 To a poet's heart gaes nearer,  
 Leaves behind a deathless name.

Oh ! what now ye maun be tholin',  
 Hopes and fears alternate burn,  
 Crabbit critics pickin' holes in  
 Ilka page they overturn.

Never mind them, brother Johnnie,  
 Envy may her venom spue,  
 Gentle swains and lasses bonnie,  
 Will bestow the praises due.



Likewise fouk o' higher station,  
 Twist the wreath to busk your brow ;  
 At their earnest invitation,  
 Ye become an author now.

Then let girnin' envy wallop  
 In a tether made o' hair ;  
 While Pegasus on can gallop,  
 Frae them ye ha'e naught to fear.

Doubtless now ye're vera busy,  
 Righting a' things for the press,  
 Sin' your muse is sennil lazy,  
 Twa-three lines to me address.

Now I'll end this dull epistle,  
 Dight my pen and throw it by,  
 Blunted and worn near the gristle,  
 Your's unfeign'd—JAMES KENNEDY.



#### POSTSCRIPT.

'Tis lang time since we met thegither,  
 Mem'ry may hae lost her pith,  
 And quite forgot a poet brither  
 Cast on bonnie winding Nith.

On the banks of Dryfe sae thymy,  
 Life lit up this mortal clay,  
 In the flow'ry season prime, I  
 There in fancy lonely stray.

May your valleys smile by dressing,  
 Flocks adorn the heathy fell,  
 Ilka blessing worth possessing,  
 Swell the lot of Annandale.



## A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S JOURNEY

(WHILST SOLICITING SUBSCRIBERS,)

*From Whithorn to Port-William, on the 31st of May, 1824, being  
 the day succeeding the late seasonable rain.*

The thirsty ground by early rain,  
 Makes Nature's face look gay again,  
 The flow'rets wild, of various hue,  
 Expand their leaves to kiss the dew,  
 The tuneful tribes, with cheerful voice,  
 Make hill and vale and wood rejoice;  
 Along the heath the wild curlews  
 Their one unvaried note pursues;  
 The air-borne lark pours forth her song,  
 And cheers me as I trade along;

The prickly whins in yellow bloom;  
Fling on the gale a sweet perfume.

My Port bound path as I pursue,  
The mist hangs on the ocean blue,  
On nearing which, I hear the roar  
Of surges lash the shelvy shore,  
While on my ravish'd optics pours  
The fair Monreith's high splendid tow'rs,  
The allies green, the gardens gay,  
Bloom forth in all the pride of May,  
Caus'd me exclaim, though far from home,  
At peace and pleasure here I roam.

The galley slave lashed to the oar,  
Who plows the rippling surges hoar;  
The dungeon prisoner gall'd with chains,  
Where misery and darkness reigns;  
The victim who may keenly feel  
The torture of the racking wheel,  
With thousands more whom I might quote,  
Compar'd with those how bless'd my lot,

Thou meek-ey'd maid, do thou extend  
To climes afar thy olive wand,  
Till peace and freedom reign o'er all  
The sea and this terraqueous ball.  
I deem I hear some seraph's song,  
The time will come, and come ere long,

The gladdening jub'lee's bell shall toll,  
And freedom reign from pole to pole.

---

### VERSES

*On the Author's recovering a Copy of Ferguson's Poems, which he  
had lost for some years.*

---

O welcome, thrice welcome, and where hast thou been ?  
I'm happy to see thee and call thee my ain,  
By absence endeared, now brought to my view  
But how alter'd thy state, and how alter'd thy hue.

Since lent to a lady now sleeping tranquil,  
Where'er thou hast been they have used thee ill,  
All tatter'd thy pages, of cover bereft,  
The moths have sore riddled the remnant that's left.

In some dusty garret, 'mang phamphlets and plays,  
Alas! thou hast dragg'd out thy lone absent days,  
Where no breath of air the cobwebs were strewin',  
Disturbing the book-worm to keep thee from ruin.

A young thoughtless wench with a long sweeping broom,  
Of dust and of trashtry the garret to toom,  
With prison companions thee tossed amain  
To a dyke side, exposed to wind and to rain.

A brave son of Mars by chance passing by,  
 A sight so uncommon attracted his eye,  
 Oh! what can they be that are cast here in scorn,  
 Dishonour'd, disorder'd, so tatter'd and torn.

On snatching thee up, and on viewing thy page,  
 What sorrow, quoth he, once the pride of the age,  
 Whom Burns so applauded, with plaudits so due,  
 If guided by any 'twas a thread from thy clue.

Thy author, thy author, reflection how fell!  
 Was latterly doom'd in a garret to dwell,  
 Till death in compassion there ended his days:  
 'Thus fell the young bard to Edina's dispraise.

The volume in question new clothing shall get,  
 Nor foul thumb to stain it, nor book-worm to fret,  
 'Mang kindred poems it sprucely shall stand,  
 As dear to my heart, and as nigh to my hand.

---

### EPISTLE TO JAMES KENNEDY, SANQUHAR,

*On Reading the First Edition of his Poems and Songs, published  
 in September, 1823.*

---

Sleep on my Muse, nor wake again,  
 Since Nitha's Bard's ta'en up the pen,

And sings sae sweet, in canty strain,  
                     His rural lays,  
 Till ilka river, hill, and plain,  
                     Resounds his praise.

She halflins wak'd an' rubb'd her een,  
 And said, though dormant I hae been,  
 A last effort to write my frien'  
                     I'll doubtless mak',  
 But dull and dour I'm grown, I ween,  
                     This some time back.

When first I got the welcome hint,  
 That ye had shown your name in print,  
 I vow'd, tho' poortith should me stint,  
                     And haud me down,  
 I'd hae a copy, could I fin't  
                     In a' the town.

Which when I got, I read and said,  
 Is Fergy\* risen from the dead,  
 Or hae ye found a wally screed  
                     O' Burns's mantle,  
 Since in his favourite verse indeed  
                     Ye write a hantle.

Your *Black-Fac'd Ewie* took my e'e;  
 'Tis nature to a vera tee,

---

\* Robert Fergusson.



And *Clerkan Mungie's* funeral spree,  
     Ye touch it gran';  
 Sic shines as it should banish'd be  
     Frae out the lan'.

Your story of the *Algerine*  
 Teems with revenge baith fell an' keen,  
 Yet disappointed was, I ween,  
     O's deadly hate,  
 Which proves a mighty arm unseen,  
     Directs our fate.

There's ane aboon them pleases most  
 Brave *Wallace*, Scotia's pride an' boast,  
 Wha' freed us frae a plund'ring host  
     O' South'ron foes,  
 An' brought our country, erst sae cross't,  
     A calm repose.

What Scotchman then at *Wallace* name,  
 But feels his heart's blood in a flame,  
 To hear the glorious deeds an' fame  
     Of him we mourn,  
 And those who play'd yon matchless game  
     At *Bannockburn*.

Your good *Fitz-James* wha liv'd in yore,  
 Wha dearly lo'ed a random splore,  
 An' rural nature valu'd more  
     Than Scottish throne,

A sturdy frien' he found, I'm sure,  
In thresher John.

A lesson learn from this, ye great,  
Though ye may roll in wealth an' state,  
The King may cross the cadger's gate,  
For aught ye ken,  
Then dinna spurn or derogate  
Your fellow men.

The *Fleemings'* fate I've often mourn'd,  
Whose breasts with martial ardour burn'd,  
And oft the tide of battle turn'd  
With force but sma',  
On Kirtle's vale lies low inurn'd  
In fam'd Red-ha'.

Ye bards on Kirtle join the strain,  
And weep our gallant Bord'ers slain,  
Who Edward held in high disdain,  
And all his power,  
Their deeds heroic shall remain,  
Till latest hour,

The *Plough* heroic valour wears,  
Of deeds were done in former years;  
The *Elliock Wood* ilk rustic cheers,  
While crooning at her,  
But nane excites my hopes an' fears  
Like *Annan Water*.

The *Bunks o' Wamphray* rins fu' sweet,  
*Davie's Farewell* is most complete,  
 The *Western Lassie*, O how neat !

And face sae bonnie,  
 She might, I think, a sister greet  
 In *Eastern Jenny*.

*Life's Waning Moon* might courage gie  
 To wooers, tho' twa score or three ;  
 Mourn a' ye fair round *Elderslie*,  
 Yon scene of woe,  
 But *Faithless Ann* I'll no forgie,  
 She wrang'd her joe.

Although I've notic'd but a few,  
 To slight the rest 'tis no my view,  
 In short, to gie ilk piece its due,  
 They're really grand :  
 But to conclude, 'tis time I trow,  
 Yours to command.

GATEHOUSE, May 24th, 1824.

J. K.

## SONGS.

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### THE PLOUGH.

AIR—*Belleisle's March, or Plains of Kildare.*

When the sound of the shell arose in the hall,  
In praise of our heroes in the days of Fingal,  
The fair touch'd the string to the notes of the bard,  
And fame told the tale as the hero's reward.

Ere our deep spreading woods were fell'd and laid low,  
Or our fine fertile valleys were till'd by the plough,  
Or the king of the forest gave way to the axe,  
Or Scotia was fam'd as the island of cakes :

Our ancient forefathers, auld Scotia to guard,  
Maintained their rights at the point of the sword ;  
A band, firm united, by heroes led on,  
Their prowess descending from father to son.

When the Danish invaders had darken'd our coast,  
And the thin ranks of Scotia gave way to their host,  
The feelings of Hay, at the plough they provoke,  
Who loosed his oxen, and seized the yoke.

The sons of brave Hay to the number of two,  
 Left the slow-moving oxen and glebe-turning plough;  
 To join the Scotch standard—there counsell'd to stay;  
 Their sire, as General, led on the array.

To the field of Luncarty they march'd back again,  
 And fought till their foemen lay stretch'd on the plain;  
 But few left surviving to plough the blue wave,  
 The Scots bore the palm, and gave Denmark a grave.

So Kenneth the Third to reward the brave Hay,  
 Made him Laird of Kinnoul, on the banks of the Tay;  
 By this 'tis apparent what valour can do,  
 A Scots Cincinnatus may spring from the plough.

Sweet Coila, her mantle inspiring she threw  
 O'er Burns, the immortal, while holding the plough.  
 Who sang her clear streamlets, her woodlands and plains,  
 Her peerless fair dames, and her gentle young swains;

Of Wallace the brave, on the banks of the Clyde,  
 At the deep linn of Cora, mus'd eyeing the tide;  
 From the foaming cascade, unhurt, rose a tree,  
 Caus'd the hero exclaim, "May not Scotland be free?"

The Scots they are hardy, and valiant, and true,  
 No son of the south shall our island subdue;  
 Still gentle in peace, but a lion in war,  
 And freedom, dear freedom, will urge us to dare.

Thus spoke the brave hero, and brandish'd his sword ;  
 The feats of his arm are the test of his word :  
 Tho' Græme, Bruce, and Wallace, now sleep in their urns,  
 Their fame shall extend like the mem'ry of Burns.

When Bonny from exile returned again  
 Extending his legions o'er Waterloo plain,  
 By one desperate effort his foes thought to foil,  
 And reap the rich harvest of war's weary toil ;

For three days successive the battle had raged,  
 And army with army were hotly engaged,  
 When the Lion of Scotland burst 'sunder his chain,  
 And Gallia's proud Eagle sunk low on the plain.

May the culture of France employ her son's care,  
 The sword to give way to the shining plough-share.  
 To conclude, let us drink every Scotchman that's true,  
 " Long life to King George, and success to the plough."



### THE BANKS OF WAMPHRAY.

AIR—*Humours o' Glen.*

Beneath the green hazel the clear stream is playing  
 Its woods, banks, and rocks, it doth dashingly lave,  
 Adown by the garden of Leithen-ha' straying,  
 Hard by the fam'd Castle of Johnstone the brave.  
 By the mound where the wine cup our Chieftain hasbended,  
 Ere Scotia's fam'd Thistle shook hands with the Rose,  
 Against all intruders their rights they defended—  
 In the red rolling strife oft their glory arose.



Beneath the white hawthorn I met wi' my Mary,  
 And night her dark plaidie around us had thrawn,  
 The tales o' our love kept our young bosoms cheerie,  
 And time danced by till the morning's grey dawn,  
 We lovingly stray'd by yon green hazel bowers,  
 Our carpet o' nature—the saft dewy green—  
 Enrich'd and perfum'd by the sweet scented flowers—  
 The cowslip and daisy enhanced the scene.

And near a sweet brier, on a bank we reclined,  
 Our love-heaving bosoms with extacy play'd,  
 As round my dear lassie my arms I entwined,  
 And kiss'd her sweet lips on the banks as we laid.  
 Donald may boast o' his hills o' red heather,  
 And Sandy may boast o' his valleys o' corn,—  
 But when wi' my Mary at e'en I forgather,  
 I'm happier by far than the King on the throne.

—◆—  
 THE BONNIE LASS O' ANNAN WATER.

AIR—*Galla Water.*

The fairest, by bewitching love,  
 Gars a' my heartie pitter patter,  
 And sets my bosom a' on flame.  
 The bonnie lass o' Annan water.

For her I'd face the wind and rain,  
 Though star nor streamer light should scatter,  
 The eeriest road I'd gang my lane,  
 To meet the lass o' Annan water.

Though Hopetoun's lands were a' my ain,  
 The flocks and herds to mend the matter,  
 I'd share them a' wi' lovely she,  
 The bonnie lass o' Annan water.

My lass has nouter gowd nor gear—  
 A faithful heart is a' her tocher;  
 To gain them baith I'd gladly toil,  
 If she were mine on Annan water.

Tam Beau rides on his gelding grey,  
 To woo Miss Land—and thinks to get her;  
 But when will a' her rigs compare  
 With my dear lass on Annan water.

---

#### DAVIE'S FAREWELL.

*AIR—Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

Farewell thou green valley and deep spreading grove,  
 Where oft with my charmer I wanted to rove;  
 Ye flow'r-scented meadows, and Annan's clear stream,  
 Where life's early morning slid by as a dream.  
 Farewell ye gay swains, and blythe bleating flocks,  
 Thou stately Mount-Annan, and moss-tufted rocks;  
 Ye lovely young nymphs—but my own dearest Nell,  
 Oh! how shall I leave thee, and bid thee farewell.

With pleasure I think on the green flow'ry lee,  
 Where, pouin' the gowans, I've wand'red with thee;  
 With pleasure I combed and braided thy hair,  
 And deck'd thy fair bosom with flow'rets so rare.

Thou charming fair creature I've now left behind,  
 Though absent in body, still present in mind ;  
 In dreams I embrace thee, when sunk into rest,  
 As my head lies reclin'd on thy love-heaving breast.

Though England's fair dames be as pure as the snaw  
 On the mist mantl'd Skiddaw, when storms loudly blaw,  
 My heart will be cold as the snow-wreathed stone ;  
 My Nelly, unrivall'd, shall reign there alone.  
 Ye Pow'rs, smile propitious ! give Davie to know  
 The heightened pleasures from wedlock that flow ;  
 Come weal or come wae, to my vow I'll be true,  
 Till I bid to the world and my Nelly adieu.

---

### THE BONNIE LASS O' THE WEST KINTRIE.

AIR—*White Cockade.*

Some tempt the dangerous stormy main,  
 Pursuing honour, wealth, and gain ;  
 The flow'r of a' that's dear to me,  
 Is the bonny lass o' the west kintrie,  
 Her hair is blacker than the sloe,  
 Her skin is whiter than the snow,  
 Her teeth outvie the ivory,  
 The bonny lass o' the west kintrie.

Her cheeks are of the cherry dye,  
 The diamond's blaze, her sparkling eye ;  
 Her ruby lips how sweet to pree,  
 The bonny lass o' the west kintrie :

Her breath is like the scented gale,  
 Her voice is like the nightingale—  
 When rais'd in song, enchanteth me,  
 The bonnie lass in the west kintrie.

It's no her face sae sweet and fair,  
 It's no her mien and handsome air,  
 Her flow of wit enticeth me,  
 The bonny lass i' the west kintrie.  
 Though fortune calls her now away,  
 To shine amang the beauties gay—  
 Ye pow'rs protect—return to me  
 The bonny lass i' the west kintrie.

No jealous pang my heart can move,  
 Nor dread a rival in my love,  
 I'll hail the day brings back to me  
 The bonny lass i' the west kintrie.  
 Though I had all Montgomery's land,  
 A coach and four at my command,  
 I'd share them a' wi' lovely she,  
 The bonny lass i' the west kintrie.

---

#### EASTERN JENNY.

AIR—*My love is lost to me.*

My Jenny's young, and blythe, and gay,  
 Sweet as the scented thorn in May,  
 Her ilka gait, her ilka way,  
 To me new charms discover;

Her native grace, her native ease,  
 Sae artless, have the art to please,  
 Love's pithy bands my bosom seize,  
 And bind me as her lover.

To see her trip outowre the green,  
 Her leg sae taper, neat, and clean,  
 What poets sing of Beauty's Queen  
 In her I can discover;  
 Her frame sae neat, her waist sae sma',  
 Her skin is like the driven snaw,  
 Her slae black hair in ringlets fa',  
 And wave on ilka shouther.

Her sparkling een are bonnie blue,  
 Her eye-brows of the darkish hue,  
 Her ruby lips, and smirking mou',  
 Might tempt the roguish rover;  
 Her teeth are like the ivory white,  
 The rose and lily both unite  
 Upon her cheek—she's my delight—  
 I canna cease to love her.

Tho' a' the gold were brought to view,  
 Of Mexico and fam'd Peru,  
 My Jenny's peerless shape and hue  
 To me more charms discover;  
 I covet no imperial crown,  
 Nor envy those on beds of down,

If Jenny I may ca' my own,  
A constant faithfu' lover.

My heart within my bosom warms,  
When I enfauld her in my arms,  
Or gaze upon her matchless charms,  
My vera heart-strings quiver.  
Ye wha o'er lover's lots preside,  
Grant eastern Jenny for my bride—  
Till death shall stem life's purple tide  
I'll never cease to love her.



# THE SNAW ON MENNOCK GLEN LIES DEEP.

'The snaw on Mennock glen lies deep,  
And a' the Louthier hills are coored,  
Oh! waes me for my harmless sheep,  
Drifted deep and maistly smooored.

What tho' they had been smooored a',  
Wi' them I eithly could hae parted;  
But faithless Annie's gane awa'  
Wi' Jock, and left me broken hearted.

O shall I climb the craggy steep,  
That overhangs the banks sae briery,  
And cast me headlong in the deep,  
That toils beneath sae dark and dreary:



O'er shall I seek a foreign shore,  
 Honour's pail in strife pursuing,  
 Where bugles sing and cannons roar,  
 And mix me with the field of ruin.

On turning round, a friend I spied,  
 Who with his counsel strove to cheer me;  
 "Your hills with sheep may be supplied,  
 So banish a' sic prospects dreary.

On winter treads the smiling spring,  
 When Flora decks each vale and glennie,  
 On ilka bough the birds will sing,  
 And you may court another Annie."



### THE FLOWER OF THE SOLWAY.

From Paisley to Annan on a visit I came,  
 Where my heart was enthral'd by a beautiful dame;  
 Her cheeks are like roses, her neck like the snow;  
 Her fine raven tresses o'er her broad shoulders flow.

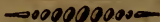
Her eyes are like diamonds from Indian mine—  
 Her teeth like the ivory, so polish'd and fine—  
 Her breath like the gale from Arabian grove—  
 Her voice like soft music in accents of love.—

Of countenance, comely—of stature, she's tall;  
 She's jimp in the middle, and handsome withal;  
 Her mien so engaging in every degree,  
 She's the flow'r of the Solway and peerless to me.

As we wander'd alone by yon river so clear,  
 The time fled on wings—with my own dearest dear,  
 Entranc'd we reclin'd 'neath yon broad beechen tree,  
 Interchanging our vows till the sun kiss'd the sea.

With consent of her parents Mess John join'd our hands,  
 And link'd us together in Hymen's soft bands;—  
 Of my own dearest jewel I now am possess'd,  
 While mutual affection glows warm in each breast.

We called a carriage, and rolled away,  
 Untill we arrived at bonny Paisley,  
 Where wealth and contentment, as blessings, preside;  
 Success to all lovers who make virtue their guide.



### ELLIOCK WOOD SAE BONNIE O.

AIR—*Gloomy Winter's now awa.*

Glentin' o'er Dalpedder hills,  
 Phœbus tinges Elliock rills;  
 Music sweet the valley fills

From feather'd songsters mony O!  
 Bath'd in dew, each virgin blade  
 Hangs its shining, speary head;  
 Cushats coo adown the glade

In Elliock wood sae bonny O!  
 Trees in lengthen'd, devious line—  
 Spreading oak and lofty pine—  
 Round their trunks the woodbines twine,  
 In Elliock wood sae bonny O!

Violets rife, their gems disclose,  
 Sisters to the pale primrose;  
 Wi' mony a bashfu' flower that blows

Unseen, unnam'd by ony O!  
 Roaming by yon lofty towers,  
 In the sylvan shady bowers  
 Lovers spend the happy hours

In Elliock wood sae bonny O!  
 'Neath the cool sequester'd shade,  
 Near the foaming white cascade,  
 There I met my winsome maid,  
 In Elliock wood sae bonnie O!

Her heaving breast—the white sea-maw;  
 Her cheek—the blude drap on the snaw;  
 Her breath—the scented gales that blaw

In Elliock wood sae bonnie O!  
 Ruby lips, and glancin' een,  
 Flaxen hair, and gracefu' mien—  
 Beauties rare in her convene  
 That's scarcely peer'd by ony O!  
 Trees may bloom and flow'rets blaw,  
 Burdiès sing, where waters fa',  
 Nell's the fairest flower of a'  
 In Elliock wood sae bonnie O!

---

### BONNY MARY, OR THE GLEN O' GLENNAP.

AIR—*Get married as soon as you can.*

On travelling from Glasgow it fell to my hap,  
 To meet a fair maid in the Glen o' Glennap,

I address'd her most kindly to banish her fear,  
Oh where do you win, if a body may speer.

A crimson effusion her cheeks deeper dy'd,  
In accents of mildness to me she replied,  
Afar up the glen, 'neath yon wood skirted fell,  
Stands my father's lone cot, the spot where I dwell.

'Tis a pity such beauty, such roses in bloom,  
As a flow'r in the desert should waste its perfume ;  
Come answer me plainly, my d-rling, my joy,  
Pray what is your father, and what his employ ?

The trade of a shepherd my father pursues,  
O'er muir, moss, and mountain he brusheth the dew's,  
My mother and I are his care and delight,  
'Tho' he toils all the day yet we cheer him at night.

Of sons and of daughters beside me they've none,  
Which causeth them doat on their Mary alone ;  
In hunting for pleasure much riches are spent,  
But our cot may be termed the Cot of Content.

Forego the lone cot in the glen that's afar,  
Come fancy a stranger and go to Stranraer,  
You lady shall be of my lands and my ha',  
With men and maid servants attending your ca'.

In silks and in satins you soon shall appear,  
Your board shall be stor'd with the choicest of cheer;

A carriage to air in, the country to view,  
Or a sail on Loch Ryan so placid and blue.

For the red blooming heather perfuming the waste,  
For the ripen'd blaeberrries, sae sweet to the taste,  
A gay fragrant garden saluting the eye,  
And the red juicy apples your thirst shall supply.

If leaving your parents your heart pain should give,  
At ease and at pleasure with us they may live,  
The object I sue for, my jewel, is this,  
Your hand and your heart as the copestone of bliss.

Your proffers are gen'rous, your manners are bland,  
You've stawn my young heart, so I'll yield up my hand,  
Farewell to my parents, may peace be their hap,  
Farewell to the braes and the glen o' Glennap.

---

### KATY O' CASTLE WOODLEE.

AIR—*Maid o' the Mill.*

By yon shady grove I happen'd to rove,  
And heard a fair maiden thus say,  
The pride o' our swains, wi' his love melting strains,  
Has stawn my young heartie away :

CHORUS.

Has stawn my young heartie away,  
Has stawn my young heartie away.  
The pride o' our swains, wi' his love melting strains,  
Has stawn my young heartie away.

His flock on the brae keen listen his lay,  
 The goats from the mountain forth bound  
 To the brow of the hill, o'erlooking the vale,  
 To list the mellifluous sound.  
 To list, &c.

The cows in amaze, had ceased to graze,  
 Stood motionless, thoughtful, and mute ;  
 The little herd boy, in a frolic of joy,  
 Wi' his dog danced time to his flute,  
 Wi' his dog, &c.

The burdies prolong the notes o' his song,  
 So witchingly soft on my ear,  
 The winds yielding sigh, the green woods reply,  
 Fair Katy. sweet Katy my dear.  
 Fair Katy, &c.

Oh I would be fain to match wi' the swain,  
 Nor count him below my degree,  
 And fondly believe not long I may grieve,  
 Since I'm Katy o' Castle Woodlee.  
 Since I'm Katy, &c.

#### LIFE'S MOON IS AWANING.

*AIR—A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

Life's moon is awaning—my bluid is grown cauld—  
 My haffet locks too, are silvery grey—  
 My pow sae weel theikit, is now growing bald,  
 And bodily strength is fading away.



I grumble, I tumble, by night, on my bed ;  
 To warm me, and charm me, a rosy young maid  
 By night and by day, still runs in my head ;  
 But how for to woo I ken na the way.

I've cows in the valley, and sheep on the fell,  
 Wi' corn on the croft, and meadow to maw—  
 And these ye wou d think might act as a spell,  
 Nae wooer on Nith speaks better ava.  
 'The thumping, the bumping, my bosom within,  
 Asleeping, awaking, a glowing I fin' ;  
 'Tis something like luvè, or I'm sadly mista'en,  
 Yet ha'fins afleyed she answer me na.

I stept to the hill on a fine simmer day,  
 The view o' my flocks gae pleasure to me ;  
 By chance my dear lassie came thortèr my way,  
 Set low to my heart wi' the blink o' her e'e.  
 I kiss'd her, and bless'd her—she colour'd and sigh'd,  
 Requested, insisted, she would be my bride ;  
 " A fine pacing pony ye shall hae to ride,  
 And ilka thing fitting that pleasure can gie.

You mistress shall be of my sheep and my kye,  
 My heart it is yours, sae gie me consent—  
 Blink on your Johnnie, dear Matty comply,  
 Wi' love that's unfeigned, my woe to prevent."  
 She knuckl'd, we buckled, our bliss for to crown—  
 A callen, has fallen, when nine months came roun ;  
 And nane lives sae happy in kintrie or town—  
 We bless aye the day we met on the bent.

## ESKDALE LOVELY JEAN.

*AIR—Willie was a wanton wag.*

On purling Esk I musing stray'd,  
 Enamour'd with the pleasing scene;  
 And there I met a lovely maid,  
 The fairest e'er my eyes had seen.  
 If I were laird of Eskdale a',  
 My love a maid of low degree,  
 Nae gentle dame frae splendid ha',  
 Should ever turn my thoughts ajee.

The laird may view his fleecy flocks  
 On Esk's green banks, sae steep and hie;  
 To me mair dear the raven locks  
 And blythesome blink o' Jeanie's e'e.  
 His golden store may yet increase,  
 And times roll round as they hae been;  
 My wealth lies in another place—  
 I mean with lovely Eskdale Jean.

Weel pleas'd he views his gardens gay,  
 And treads the flow'r-enamell'd green;  
 The fairest flow'r salutes the day,  
 May blush, compar'd with lovely Jean.  
 Tho' oft he mounts his dappl'd grey,  
 And scours away to fair Carlisle,  
 More frequent I in fancy stray,  
 To meet my Jeanie's witching smile.

The life mate of his tender love,  
 And blushing rose buds fair to see ;  
 Points out what Jeanie yet may prove,  
 When link'd in Hymen's silken tie,  
 Fate shines propitious on my head,  
 Let no cross purpose intervene,  
 And grant to me the loveliest maid  
 That treads the flow'ry Esk so green.

—♦—  
 THE BANKS OF YOCHAN.

Air—*Braes o' Balquither.*

Well met my dear Jean, on the banks o' woody Yochan,  
 Where the high waterfa' forms a deep rocky bason ;  
 Where the broad spreading oak o'er the white spray's extending ;  
 And the roar of the linn with the wild music's blending,  
 From the cowslip and daisy, I will form thee a posy,  
 And beneath the green shade, I'll recline on thy bosy ;  
 As the queen of my choice, with a garland I'll dress thee,  
 To my love heaving bosom, my dearest, I'll press thee.

Tho' the gardens of state have their shades, fruits, and  
 flowers,  
 Give me the Yochan banks, and the fine sylvan bowers,  
 Where the dams mooping stray, and the lambs sport the-  
 gither  
 On the green sloping braes, and the hills clad wi' heather.  
 Tho' his Grace roll along in a gay gilded carriage,  
 Yet I envy him not, give me Jeany in marriage—  
 With my flock on the bent, with my crook, plaid, & doggie,  
 And Jeany to cheer me thro' life, I'll be vogie.

## WALLACE'S LAMENT

Over the body of his wife, basely slain by the detested Hazelrigg.

AIR—*The Maid of Arrochar.*

Thou flower of my bosom, how pale is thy hue,  
Where the lilies and roses, once fair did combine !  
Those eyes far excelled the bright morning dew !  
Those lips once were redder and sweeter than wine !  
Oh woe to the day, and oh woe to the hour !  
O had I stay'd with thee, or thou gone with me,  
Thou might'st have avoided the fell tyrant's power,  
Tho' he'd burnt the strong castle of fair Elderslie.

My heart's wrung with anguish, and swelling with pain,  
On viewing that bosom, so lovely before—  
Now pierc'd by that traitor, and cruelly slain,  
And thy garments red dy'd from thy pure bosom's core.  
Not only thy figure appalls on my sight,  
But the fruit of our love my affection doth crave,  
Who to life bids adieu, ere beholding the light,  
And must soon rest together in one bloody grave.

I swear by this blood, which hath dimmed the sheen  
Of this blade, lately piercing thy bosom of snow,  
That the same thirsty weapon, so fatally keen,  
Shall send the dark fiend to the mansions below !  
Let thy shade be pleas'd, since the traitor is slain,  
His sword drinks the blood from his warm bosom's core ;  
The stain of his country, of Knighthood the stain,  
Hath met his desert, and lies writhing in gore.

## BANKS OF THE CRAWICK.

*AIR—Banks of the Dee.*

Now autumn waves yellow with rich loaden treasure,  
 The pride of the seasons the crown of them a',  
 As, woo'd by the moon light, I wander'd wi' pleasure  
 Alone by the banks of the murmuring Craw.  
 Sweet is thy murmur, while here I am straying,  
 Bath'd in the streamlet the moon-beam is playing;  
 By reflection, thy banks in silver arraying,  
 The haunt of my Johnnie that's now far awa.

With pleasure I left the abode of my father,  
 When toil lay supinely at nature's strong ca',  
 Wi' my dearest Johnnie ay fain to forgather.  
 And breathe out our loves on the banks of the Craw.  
 In our wonted retreat in the green wood sae shady,  
 His arm, for my pillow, enwrapt in his plaidie;  
 Of future enjoyments, how happy he made me,  
 Now blighted these hopes like a flow'et on Craw.

In the loud din of war, where the bullets are flying  
 Beneath a warm sun, at the bugle's shrill ca',  
 Perhaps he may mix, while here I am sighing,  
 Far, far from his love, and the banks of the Craw  
 Ye stars, who pre-ide o'er the fate of a lover,  
 From danger and death my dear Johnnie deliver,  
 And grant his return, that nae mair he may sever  
 From his faithfu' Sur, and the banks of the Craw.

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N. M'L. BRUCE, Printer, Dumfries.









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